GOGMAGOG-HALL;

OR,

THE PHILOSOPHICAL LORD

AND THE

GOVERNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"*Prodigious!!! or, Childe Paddie in London.*"

Helen.—'Tis my troth, sweet Lord! thou hast a fine forehead.—Let thy song be love: This Love will undo us all. Oh! Cupid! Cupid! Cupid!

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Les passions les plus violentes nous laissent quelquefois du relâche, mais la vanité nous agite toujours.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Time hastes away;
Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe its stay.
The rolling years with constant motion run—
Lo! while I speak the present minute's gone,
And foll'wing hours urge the foregoing on.
'Tis not thy wealth, 'tis not thy pow'r,
'Tis not thy piety, can thee secure:
They're all too feeble to withstand
Grey hairs, approaching age, and thy avoidless end.

HORACE.

TIME revolves; the sand of the hour-glass, though it runs in a very thin and seemingly slow motion, still runs out; and we have often observed that, while some are quaffing large draughts of love, and happiness, and joy, others are sipping

the bitter chalice in anguish: With these unfortunates, time may be said to linger indeed, for such have wished its end. Still the periods go on; the pulse, at every stroke, beats warning of a nearer approach to dissolution; the seconds of a clock, with its long spider leg, marches its circuit, and the minutes tick in a heavy monotony over the feelings of those who are fated to mourn; how many tearful eyes have watched those movements with an anxiety bordering on madness; and, while they gaze, they wonder, as the survivor of a most beloved wife does, that the routine of nature itself is not changed, because of their great and inexpressible sorrow.

Now, pursuing the same train of thought, though not so deeply, it must be stated, that Lady Charlevoix imagined that the company had never yet sat so long after dinner as they did this day; and she thought correctly, for it was so. Being the eldest at the table, (although

she did not usually lead,) she now rose up to retire, looking at her daughter and Mrs. Fauconberg. The gentlemen stood until the ladies disappeared: but it was very waggishly remarked of an old gentleman, like Mr. Manners, that Lady Julia seemed offended at her mother's haste, and was reluctant to move.

Lord Charlevoix drew up to Mr. Sewell, and thus addressed him,—"My dear sir! I publicly thank you for your attentions to my daughter this day; you shall ever find me your friend: I rarely promise, but always perform: do *you* act an honourable, upright part, deceiving neither yourself nor my daughter, and you both may find your reward, which I pray Heaven grant:" but his feelings would allow no further expression; and he sauntered towards the window, took up his hat, and walked into the garden. Sewell immediately followed him, and addressed the viscount —"Pardon me, my lord! the liberty I

have taken in thus following you; it may be the only time I have to apologize for a conduct which I will call, *to you*, presumptuous and intrusive; and although you have been kind enough publicly to forgive me, and to grant even the envied privilege of your friendship, yet I cannot pardon myself, if I am not allowed to explain to a father what my intentions are. Sir! I did not think it possible that Lady Julia could believe me serious, when I own I tried her half in jest, but, growing more emboldened by her patience, *then* in earnest. Now, my lord! I will not deceive you: should I be so fortunate as to engage her affections, so as I win her, I shall wear her She *shall* be made an ornament to her elevated rank, and this career of frivolity shall cease; but I hope better things: —the theory of education has been my study. I have watched the progress of impression upon the human mind, and I have hopes that ere long the errors that

have got into her system will be all eradicated—yes, and before we become united too, for otherwise I will not venture;—and what a noble victory will mine be then! And now, my lord! believe me, that though I never can be insensible to the honour of this alliance, lucre alone is not my object; it never was one with me, yet I am as sensible to the value of independence as another. My lord! there is no pomp of heraldry in our family; but their character for generations has been untarnished. For the rest, I must refer you to Mr. Manners; for I could not now enter into the causes of my comparative poverty, without some recollections not yet wholly subdued."

"My upright and honourable friend!" replied Lord Charlevoix, "I rejoice to hear all that you say, inasmuch as I am the more convinced of the value of that heart, which my daughter too, I hope, will duly appreciate. I shall talk to

Mr. Manners upon the subject. You have my full approbation, once more, to win her if you can,—God send you may:—so may a happy and domestic scene take place at my house,—a stranger there for many years. Go, Sewell! rejoin the company, they will miss you."

Sewell did rejoin the company: they observed he had been agitated: he took another glass of wine, and then said, "Lord Gondola and Mr. Sowerby, shall we join the ladies?"

Lord Gondola smiled,—"Yes, knight of the sorrowful countenance, I will be thy squire, and Mr. Sowerby another; for I am aware that the queen of the ascendant is surrounded, and that they must be engaged also. Which do you combat, Sowerby?"—"Why, that's as I'm a-thinking, as the Scotchman says: it is surely *my* turn to attack Lady Julia now:—Have you done with her, Mr. Swell--Sew--Sewell,—what's your name? (mimicking Lady Charlevoix); for I only

appeal to you, Mr. Falconbird--Falconbridge--Falconberg--Fauconberg,--really some people's mothers-in-law of my acquaintance never remember names, and why should I?—Pray, Mr. F., what would you advise me to do?"—"Why, attack the old dragon that guards the Hesperides, Mr. Sow—Sowbey, Mr. Sourboy, aye, that's your name."— "No, Mr. Falconer, I dare not attack that hawk; her very caw frightens me."—"Well, then, you may attack my wife, if you like, Mr. Sow--Sow--what's your name? but mind! fair play; for, as I shall finish this claret, I shall be primed; and though I am more honourably candid now than most fashionables who don't give this verbal permission,—you may take my wife."

"Thank'yee, Mr. Fal Faw Fum—I beg your pardon — Eh! eh! I can't help laughing at them odd names."

"Well, Lord Gondola, your's is Hobson's choice; though Hobson's horses

were but sad goers; you will have a full moon to light you, however—"

"But see," said Lord Gondola, "behold Sewell, how pale he looks, after—his duel! I think I must engage the pocket Wenus, as her mother calls her; for there is so great a diameter to cope with in the dowager, a whole broadside is lost upon her."

Lord Charlevoix here entering, this trio made their bows and exeunt, and we shall also walk up stairs with them. Mrs. Fauconberg and Lady Julia were trying a duet on the piano-forte; and the latter lady even condescended to be corrected as to time, in first starting: Mrs. F. therefore continued to be very free and affable. Lord Gondola now bowed to Lady Charlevoix, and he kept her in close conversation. Sewell took down a violin, tuned it, and proposed accompanying Lady Julia (the duet being now finished) in any music she would pitch on. "What! do *you* play?"

cried one and all, "you sly fellow!" Lord Gondola protested that "no one knew he could, nor did he believe Sewell knew it himself, till Lady Julia sat next to him to-day; he had no doubt the young gentleman would play the flute to-morrow, the bassoon the next day, and the oboe and clarinet in succession, and the organ on Sunday." Sewell, who was a good performer, managed very well: when over, he corrected Lady Julia in her time, which she took very patiently: he then handed her to a seat (while Mrs. Fauconberg gave some very masterly solos): and what might be the purport of their conversation, history saith not; but, on the sofa, Lady Charlevoix appealed to Lord Gondola about the rout, and asked his advice,—having previously made up her mind to take her own; which being such a very common circumstance in life, was hardly worth while noticing here, excepting to tell of the practice of a

friend of ours, not a physician, nor a lawyer, who invariably refuses to give any, alleging that it is an affront to him in the very application, he always saying, "You know your own business best." Lord Gondola also declined interfering between man and wife.

"True, my lord! if my wicount was not so wery preficient in taste, his knowledge of the *tun* does not accede yours in the making mock-turtle, which, by the bye, I have a partikler conceit for—"

"Come, my lady! let us have a conversation, not about mock-turtle and mock tun, but on love and Lady Julia—(Lady Charlevoix felt delighted; she thought his lordship's soft heart was again to be moulded like pliable wax in her ladyship's pottery)—I feel a great regard for Lady Julia—(Yes, my lord! I knew that)—and am determined to make her happy—(You are extremely kind,)—She shall be one of the most eminent of her sex!—(That I am sure

she will, under your lordship's surewellyarnce, as we say in France, and with your patronage and title!)—Sewell will make a glorious husband and son-in-law——"

"Swell, Sew—that man my son-in-law! and Lady Julia's husband!—Never! dear! sure! you love her your own self?—you just said so!"

"Me! no, my lady! I admire Lady Julia as I ought, and no farther. Sewell will have patience to mould her, for, poor thing! she is now quite an ape: *I* should, being naturally so choleric, have no patience with her: I might, indeed, take all her money, and spend it upon my mistresses, if that would be any gratification to you and her; but I should never be at home, so that the poor thing would be no better than a widowed wife."

"Mistresses, indeed! Well, I'm sure! they gets too much money already; and I wow and purtest I am extonished at

your lordship's speech. No man shall ever have my daughter, that won't have all her fortin settled on herself."

"That I hate," said his lordship; "I will have all or none; she should not retain fifty pounds a year of her own, my wife should come to me for every pound-note; it will teach her obedience. But Sewell—he, you know, is not rich; perhaps he might submit to it, for you see how loving they are: he would perhaps overlook what I should not.—But what can you object to my friend? he is all *you* could wish."

"He!—not worth a shilling, no title, nor no pedigree! I should not have thought of no such thing; such wermin shall never come into my family!"

"Oh, lady! Lady Charlevoix! for shame!" And he then went on defending his friend, and exposing the folly of her ideas. But nothing could be gained in concession, where poverty and want of title were the worst of crimes.

The party now partook of coffee and tea, as the gentlemen had joined them. Lady Charlevoix told the viscount, she should want the carriage on the ensuing morning, to go shopping in town with her daughter.

"I hope you are not about to keep your rout?"—"How can we?" she replied; "you know you cruelly and wilely forbad it, and sent off Summers to town to prevent it. Lady Julia and myself will start early, and as we perhaps may sleep in town for a night or two, make yourselves as comfortable as you possibly can—till we return."

"I will take your advice in that," said the viscount.

"But pray, my lord, as there is still time to have the rout, one day's notice would do; and, as we are going to town, it may be all finished off at once; and on the 16th we return, though we must be moped to death here this winter-time."

"It cannot be; it shall not be."

"Well, then, my lord! do you want any thing from town?"

"No!—Does Lady Julia go with you?"

"Yes, to be sure? am I to go about starving by myself?—she has taste too. ——Well, adieu, my lord! for I am about to retire for the night."

Her daughter stayed up some time longer; but at length she retired, previously announcing to the party that her mother and self had some purchases to make in town, which might cause their absence for two or three days.

On the ensuing morning the ladies departed, and as Mr. Sowerby was also for London, he accepted a seat in their carriage. Mr. Manners observed, that his party grew thin, and it was then that the viscount opened his mind to the gentlemen and Mrs. Fauconberg, the all that were there, requesting, as a special favour, that for once they would unitedly oblige him by going to town

also. "For to-morrow, my friends! is my lady's rout; and by this letter, which old Jenkins the carrier has just brought me from Williams, my faithful secretary, I find that every preparation is made for a magnificent fête at Charlevoix House. I cannot give you cards, my good friends! but I invite you all. To you, Mr. Manners, it will be no inconvenience, because you are to meet Mr. Sowerby, and would otherwise be there, and the rest I hope will excuse being thus taken *vi et armis*. He then detailed the measures he had pursued, and that the present company and himself would be all that attended the rout; and as it was a decided rule with my lady to send the description of the ecstatic scene before it occurred, in order to meet the eyes of the *ton* the next day, the jest would be then complete."

Mrs. Fauconberg was the only one who thought it too severe a jest. Lord Gondola and the remainder of the gentlemen, ex-

cepting Sewell, however, were of a different opinion, and the scheme was assented to. Now, having the whole of the present day before us, and part of the morrow,—that day big with the fate of rout and ball,—we shall adjourn to Clifford Lodge, where Emily Melville had resided, superintending the education of the four lovely Miss Cliffords. It may be recollected, that Miss Melville's heart was in some measure touched, or rather scratched by the arrow of Cupid; for she had adroitly shielded it by the target of prudence, that is to say, in other words, she was as decently in love as any young woman ought to be in such a situation; for we must combat that bold assertion, that a young lady is obliged to be as much in love as possible, if she is in love at all, a practice leading to the most direful results; for where there is not a unison of fortune or rank, she must be supposed to pine and pine away, until at last she disappears altogether, unless indeed

she capitulates, to prevent her heart from breaking, which some do in this most bungling manner, forgetting that, if she so does, her heart must or should break by and by, in consequence of this her dereliction, and the town or suicide confirm what we have stated. It may possibly be for want of knowledge on our parts when we reason thus, for we do not live near the New River, nor the Serpentine, those two favourite resorts of modern Sapphos, who, being over head and ears in love, must get over head and ears in water also, and then put some gouty old gentleman just passing by, to the trouble of fishing her out, who has too much humanity to let her sink, although he is himself sure to catch a cold, which settles upon his lungs, and thus *he* falls, although it is in the regular way. This propensity, therefore, to being *deep* in love, it has been our practice to deprecate, though, as aforesaid, we may reason without our host. Our creed is this:—

No man love's fiery passion can approve,
As yielding either pleasure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.

Besides, man need not love unless he please;
No destiny can force man's disposition;
How then can any die of that disease,
When he himself may be his own physician?

Some one, perhaps, in long consumption dried,
And, after falling into love, may die;
But I dare lay my life he ne'er had died,
Had he been healthy at the heart as I.

Some others, rather than incur the slander
Of false apostates, may true martyrs prove;
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander;
I'll neither hang nor drown myself for love.

Yet I have been a lover by report,
And I have died for love, as others do;
But, prais'd be Jove, it was in such a sort,
That I reviv'd within an hour or two.

Thus have I lov'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And know no reason to repent me yet;
And he that any otherwise shall do,
His courage is no better than his wit.

Still we are perfectly aware that there are other modes besides these ablutions,

or even a bare bodkin, which despairing lovers adopt to get a quietus; for instance, my next-door-neighbour, a very homely plain-sailing apothecary I happen to be intimate with, and from him I learnt that his rule at first was to refuse the selling of aquafortis, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, and laudanum, which the deep-in-love folks have such a keen relish for, by which he lost much profit, and did no good; for the same rat-killing story for arsenic was told to Mr. Pestle, his neighbour, and *he* never refused. His, my friend's, practice was this: he studied —what? you will say. I'll tell you: he studied Le Brun's passions of the human mind; he visited the museums, where love, the strongest of them all, was best pencilled by the higher masters; he in fact made himself acquainted with what may be called an agitated countenance; but, to make all sure, he bought Lavater, and became a physiognomist; and finally, the valuable treatises of Spurzeim and Gall

perfected him. After this (he has often confessed it to me) he could read in a girl's love-sick countenance all that passed in her heart of despondency, as easily as in his large family bible covered with green baize: but he did not merely read, he prescribed! he gave one medicine for another; he gave such powerful narcotics to ladies, that they in fact outrivalled the seven sleeping beauties of old, and who, when they fancied themselves expiring, acknowledged they had poisoned themselves, and all for love of the false-hearted of our sex; but when they recovered, and after fancying that they had got into regions beyond the Styx, at length being undeceived, and finding poison to have no effect on their constitutions, they left it off. My friend also gave emetics, and other evacuants, of such potency, that one complaint was effectually remedied by creating another, in the lassitude and weakness he produced. Thus far did my neighbour do his duty.

But there was one more recipe he gave: he was fond of recommending a walking death; for, after taking those pills, (he would say,) keep walking till you drop, which is the easiest death of all. One young lady, possessed of some property, (he added,) for instance, who was very far gone in love-despair, actually walked to Holyhead, and the sea then stopping her, she prepared to walk through Wales; for she had a great aversion to water bubbling in her ears: but at the Eagle and Child there was a young and handsome Irish half-pay officer, who so briskly made love to her, and so clearly demonstrated the natural preference of life to death, that she accepted his offer as a companion, and walked—no! she rode to town, and on her return—was married to him. There are also many other ways which ladies far gone in love have adopted to decrease the inflammation. The ancient ladies were fond of blood-letting by a lancet of some magnitude, called a dag-

ger; but the moderns have wisely rejected this sharp and painful remedy, and it is now only used in sham despair, such as we see upon the stage; but even then the sight of it makes our ladies scream with horror,—a good sign of that practice being abandoned: still they have not yet quite abolished that barbarous practice which they think will suspend the anguish felt in violent love. viz. the suspension of themselves either with rope, packthread. garter, or handkerchief. This mean and shabby way of shuffling off our mortal coil has very much infected nursery-maids, milliners' girls, and such like; though for them to feel such torments is an inexplicable thing. Our betters. who have wisely resolved never to despair, (indeed they have this excellent motto under their coats of arms,) rarely adopt any of the above extraordinary modes of cure, so resembling our quack medicines: never feeling the tender passion in this violent way, there is no occasion to

hang, drown, or poison; for *when* Cupid does plunge a right honourable or noble heart in this unutterable distress, *they* have the ingenuity and capability of getting all they want, somehow or another: for instance, if this married noblewoman falls thus hopelessly (to others) in love with her female friend's husband, he is complaisant enough to say, 'I cannot refuse a lady,' and forthwith abandons his own wife; and the whole anguish of all the parties is speedily healed by sundry talismanic pieces of parchment with great red seals: but let me add, that those *charms* are only sold to the favoured few, at the doctors, near St. Paul's. Thus have we practically demonstrated the evils that arise from giving way to a passion which may have a tragical end; and there are many, who undoubtedly must agree with us, particularly such as never fall in love at all. Some have not time, others think it too troublesome to go through another Tro-

jan siege; for, say some, "What stuff this is! I know she likes me, and I feel I prefer her; but her sensitive etiquette will not allow her to be open, honest, or even candid; and here I am still in town expecting every hour to come to the point, and am as far off as ever: oh! I see she wants to increase her importance, and encourages those dandies while I am by, to make me jealous. By Jove! I'll to the point to-morrow, and, if she does not say yes! I'm off by the Bath mail from this London female." The time arrived, and the question put, "What a hurry you are in, dear captain? you go on, just as if you was taking a frigate. Well, heigh, ho! I suppose I must strike my colours: but what will Lady Dyjoss, and Lady Cramp, and the honourable Mrs. Snarl say at my surrendering at discretion? Heigh, ho! well, I suppose, I *must* say the irrevocable word *yes!*"

Now, ceasing to digress any further, or to depreciate a most noble passion,

which dignifies and adorns the human character, we beg to state, that Miss Melville had that decided predilection for Mr. Ferrers, which she had ocular and auricular evidence was mutual. Her young and virgin heart could not but feel the sweetest of all gratifications, in finding herself an object of such decided attachment. He, and he only, had paid her those marked attentions, which, though confused and hesitating as they were, still testified his sincerity. His timidity, his fear of offending her, even on common occasions, marked the delicacy of his sentiments: and when to all these circumstances were added his fine figure, and his respectability in life, it is but natural that she should feel that more than preference, which may be called—love. But Emily, also, was a girl of reflection : she would not give way to impulses, however welcome to her heart, which, if she did, might hurry her into imprudencies, at which her soul re-

volted. She argued, that she was but young, her situation in life rather against this alliance: and then her innate pride, pure and proper in itself, since virtue was its basis, checked her encouraging that which might give a bias and a tone to her ideas, undermining that serenity and peace she had uniformly enjoyed. And yet, while she kept down the tempter, she would occasionally dwell on the pale and earnest countenance of her Ferrers, when he called upon his Miss Melville She dwelt with no vain-glorious, but a delighted complacency, on the providential presence of mind she displayed in saving his life,—a courage she did not believe herself capable of, and now was astonished at. Now and then she would picture to herself a possible scene of supreme felicity, when her dear father and mother, and their family, might all sit down at her table, when she might be Mrs. Ferrers: but it was speedily dismissed, as too glorious even for hope.

In Mrs. Clifford's company, however, she had every thing to enjoy; for that lady was both refined and affectionate; her children seemed the object and end of her solicitudes: and as Miss Melville was, as we may say, supererogate in the performance of her duties to the Miss Cliffords, which was plainly evinced by their improvement, as well as attachment, the friendship of Mrs. Clifford was commensurate with Miss Melville's exertions. That happy, but thoughtful, mother was often heard to say, that she hoped she should never have to endure her loss, *but* that she would resign her to a husband worthy of her, if such there was. Upon all occasions was this governess to her children, before the highest company who visited, treated by her with the most marked attention and equality. She would sometimes assert at table, that she considered Miss Melville as, next to her husband, the best friend she had: " Being unable to direct the

education of so many, she is quite as valuable to my family as myself:" and publicly ridiculed the infamous *trait*, which, she was sorry to notice, disfigured many of her acquaintance, who treat such a character as a hired and menial servant; while, at the same time, the said character was entrusted with the manners, the morals, the understanding of their own children! "How inconsistent is this! when they will haggle, too, about an odd fifty pounds a-year in such a case, and pay one hundred and fifty guineas for a set of teeth, or two hundred guineas for an opera-box!—as if the present and final welfare of our own progeny should not be a motive the most preferable. Besides, the evil does not rest here: this saving quality in the article of governesses has often a bad result: one of inferior mind, or of doubtful character, presents herself, and is hired; for it could not be expected that a young lady of unblemished character

and family, whose accomplishments have perhaps cost her parents more than will be ever returned to her, in this way at least, should condescend to go through the unwelcome drudgery without, not only ample remuneration, but of actual identification with the heads of the family; for this alone will give a consciousness of importance, and have its due and necessary weight with her pupils, who are the first to take all possible advantages with, and to shew the utmost insolence to, those whom even they have the wit to see in a state of degradation."

With the public avowal of such sentiments as these, Mrs. Clifford was nearly as ardently loved as a mother by Miss Melville, and her gratitude was unbounded, which *she* was never ashamed of avowing for a benefit received. Now Miss Melville had only once seen Mr. Manners and his visitors since her departure, and that was on the Sunday; for a country church-yard is a rare place

for gossip, and she there learnt, in a summary way, the events which we have been obliged to detail in a more prolix style. Mr. Ferrers was not forgot in her enquiries; and Mr. Manners could not but perceive, through all her affected coldness of question, a blush overspread her cheek.

Such lovely stains the face of Heaven adorn,
When light's first blushes paint the bashful morn.

With Mrs. Fauconberg, however, she had corresponded; so that, as the principal character of the *dramatis personæ* at the Hall and in her heart was going on well, Emily Melville felt as happy as innocence and virtue might be supposed to inspire.

Ferrers, in the mean time, however, languished at home in solitary study, for he had no other resources; but, while the mind is roving, pages are read, and even re-read, to very little purpose: his best hopes he considered lay with Mr.

Sowerby; yet he knew not why, for he had shunned him of late. Still Miss Melville was a favourite with the old gentleman, whose only occupation was going about doing good, though very cynical and snappish when vice and folly thrust their unwelcome heads in his way. Yet, what could he be so urgently going to town about? and Mr. Manners, too! who detested London. The rest, for they had all left the Hall, had made an ample display of the reasons which guided them, viz. to baulk Lady Charlevoix of her rout-mania, and to help a poor hen-pecked husband to recover his rights! Thus communed Mr. Ferrers with himself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Go, call a rout, and let a rout be call'd;
A rout!—a rout!—a rout! oh, for a rout! ye gods!

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.
HENRY VIIIth.

AND now arrived that night, big with the fate of contending interests;—rout or no rout! that was the question.* The ladies Charlevoix had found all right,—the viscount had not been there,—no postponement-cards were issued,—their party fixed in "the Post" for this night had, however, been strangely omitted by accident,—the servants had done their duty in embellishing the house,—extra furniture was hired,—the wax-lights placed,—the lamps trimmed,—hermitages here,—grottoes there,—ruins elsewhere,—and transparencies and temples erected,—ottomans and sofas placed,—the floors chalked,—the supper-rooms

laid,—the card-tables set,—Townshend retained, with the usual fee,—the lemonade, coffee, tea, all in a state of preparation: thus far, all went on well. At last the clock struck ten! and, at her ladyship's word of command, the place resembled those magic scenes detailed in the Arabian nights' entertainments: it was in a blaze; yet hardly heligant enough, as my lady said, for the blaze of fashion which were soon to shine there! Lady Julia walked about from room to room, disposing this, and ordering that elsewhere; the roses were too near those red pillars, and the lilies too near the white ones,—no contrast: and thus the elegance of the picturesque fell to her lot. And now, at three-quarters past ten, the ladies congratulated one another upon the unique *coup d 'œil* which the scene presented;—the footmen in their best liveries lined the stairs, the hall, and the landing-place, to usher in. At length Townshend arrived—that great man

who is field-marshal upon these occasions, without whose magic wand of authority nobility itself is at a loss; and he observed to the ladies, that, as the company were late, owing to *that there* other rout of Lady Pharaoh, and *that there* entertainment of the Duchess of Cachmere, (for he always gave their ladyships the preference,) he would go down to the eating-parlour, and take his wine, as he had not dined till half *quarter* nine. Eleven struck! no visitor! half-past eleven! they became agitated. Twelve struck! and Lady Charlevoix and daughter *could* have fainted: they called Summers up, and the coachman; both offered to swear an half-a-david that they didn't enter the house when sent by his lordship to postpone. This was agonizing,—they never knew *distress* till now,—their feelings were acute! Surely, no mistake could have happened? At length a thundering rap at the door!—their countenances brightened, the footmen ran and placed them-

selves, the door was opened, and—— Lord Charlevoix's name was echoed from servant to servant. He had not proceeded halfway up stairs before another rap, that would have shaken any moderate-sized *modern*-built house to pieces, and ——Lord Gondola was announced, and his name re-echoed. The same was repeated by Mr. and Mrs. Fauconberg, Mr. Manners, Mr. LaTrobe, Mr. Sowerby, and, last, by Mr. Sewell; and no more raps were heard that night!

Now Townshend, the officer, who had been at his post, on the well-known signal of rap-rap-rap-rap, marvelled much that the first arrivals should be all pedestrians, and no carriages to order *this here* way, or *that ere*, as he was by his office in the habit of doing, took the liberty of ascending the stairs also, to confer with her ladyship upon this very singular circumstance; but Lord Charlevoix addressed him:—

"Mr. Townshend! I believe."

"Yes, sir! (for he had never seen the viscount,) that is my name, though commonly called, on account of my utility and eminence, THE Townshend."

"Well, then, sir! you are dispensed with for to-night,—there has been some mistake in this business,—you *have* been feed, I suppose?" "Oh, yes." "Then I beg your acceptance of this in addition, —good night!" The elegant appendage, the indispensable marshalman, the Heidegger of routism, stared, and departed.

The confusion, dismay, and mortification of the ladies, perhaps, may be better conceived than described, when the names of their only visitors were heard on the top of the stairs: they instinctively felt that their manœuvering was out-manœuvred, and had now retired to an adjoining closet. When the arrivals were all assembled in the drawing-rooms, which had all been thrown into one, and many of the servants had fol-

lowed, Lord Charlevoix exclaimed, "Oh, oh! what have we here? what is all this? John, William, Thomas, Summers, and the rest of you!—This is elegant! superb indeed! matchless! But what is all this blaze of light *for?* Is any potentate expected? Is his Royal Highness the Prince to honour us with his company? Ha! ha! ha! we really look, my friends, like a small flock of sheep on the immense plain of Salisbury. However, welcome to Charlevoix House; and now the opera is over, we will to supper. John, is my lady within, or Lady Julia; perhaps they are gone to bed?" "No, my lord! I rather think they are not." "Go, all of you, and try to find my daughter and my wife, for I feel as if I was enchanted, as if in a splendid dream; surely, it cannot be real: look here, Sewell!—Here are roses growing in a drawing-room, as natural as life; they are real too;—well, upon my honour, it is surprising;—and lilies, too, near these pillars, allusive, I

suppose, to those two legitimate pillars of the French dynasty. (Here Sewell's coat was twitched behind a curtain, and he fancied he perceived Lady Julia laughing.) But this way of going on will never do;—no one here to welcome us. As my wife and daughter can't be found, this must be some magic of the devil, or a trick of the servants. Lord Gondola, will you have the goodness to go round with me, and lock all the street-doors, while I go to the watch-house for a dozen of constables? for I'll have every servant taken there, male and female, and in the morning I'll indict the whole for a conspiracy. It shall be so: my lady could have had no hand in it, for she only came to London to go shopping!—Why,—whose ottomans and sofas are these? They are not mine; I shall be taken up for receiving stolen goods, and transported! Let us go to the watch-house directly."

"Oh, forgive me! pray, pardon me, my lord!" (said Lady Charlevoix, coming

from her hiding-place, and throwing herself at his feet; whilst Lady Julia stood peeping where she was, to which retreat Sewell had got:) "upon these here knees I wow never again to give a party when you don't like; it's all my doings; don't be wiolent, nor wicious in your rewenge, and I will confess all ——."

"Well, madam! the particulars we will hear another time: So you was determined then to give your rout on the 15th.—Perhaps I have spoilt your vagaries.—Pray, go on, and be merry, since you have gone thus far.—Call in all your dear friends, whom I suppose you have hid, or I have frightened: since they are here, they shall not be incivilly treated. Where are they all?"

"Oh, my lord! there's nobody come *yet*, nor will they now, I suppose."

"*Yet!* (pulling out his watch) Why it is half-past twelve!"—"I should think so too." "Well, well! no more of this at present.—But where is my daughter?"

" Here, my lord!" said Mr. Sewell, handing her forth; "but whatever have been her errors or faults, I most earnestly request they may be overlooked."

" Sewell! give me your hand: as you sue, I will pardon not only her, but her mother too. But I beg it to be expressly understood, that these expensive experiments must not be repeated. And now, John, Thomas, William, order supper up as soon as possible, in the dancing-room, where I suppose the floors are properly chalked, and the band already there"—"It is too true!" said my lady. "Well, then, we will keep it up ourselves,—the supper shall be a merry one, the music shall inspire us the while, and, as soon as the ladies please, we will foot it in the best manner we can." Bravo! exclaimed all. " Our domestic rout may be called *select*, at any rate," said Mr. Sowerby; "and I think I shall dance myself upon such an occasion." Lord Gondola begged to engage Lady Charlevoix for the first

waltz: "For, my dear lady! (do not look foolish now, since all is made up!) we *shall* be merry; the thing is unexpected; each shall make himself as ridiculous as possible, and our carnival shall rival any masquerade in Italy. I will be principal buffoon. Sowerby says he will be a dancing bear, Fauconberg clown, La Trobe pantaloon, Harlequin, Mr. Sewell, Columbine, Lady Julia, the evil and good genii, Mrs. Fauconberg and yourself,—settle your parts between you,—Mr. Manners a walking gentleman, and Lord Charlevoix a conjurer, for he has conjured up this unexpected gala."

"Ah, Lord Gondola! I am so wexed."—

"I know you are: how could it be otherwise, when people will have their own way."

"You have no feelings!"

"None at all, my lady! I don't profess to have any for those who persist in folly; but if you are vexed because you feel ashamed at having offended your worthy

lord, then *I will* have some feelings, and will support you."

And now Lord Charlevoix proposed, before the lights were put out, to view "the ecstatic and entrancing scene," and then led his company round the apartments, admiring this and that, with an agreeable banter, which annoyed no one; for Lady Charlevoix still despised his want of taste. Addressing his wife and daughter, he began an oration in their name to the magic scene:—"Farewell! a long farewell to you, ye silent and unconscious elegancies, we bid ye all a long, long adieu! for myself, my wife, and my daughter, are about to make an experiment, a domestic one, where nature and not art shall prevail; therefore, ye patent and variegated lamps! ye ottomans and sofas! ye mirrors of vast magnitude! ye ornaments in or-moulu, and séve porcelain! wherever ye come from, for ye don't belong to me, a long—long adieu! And ye, roses and lilies, may droop as

soon as ye please, or be taken from rout to rout till ye expire; for Othello's occupation's gone! Once more, farewell! ye indispensables of routism! adieu! for Lady Julia and her mother are becoming natural; they are, after to-night, determined never to turn it—to-day, and *vice versa:* they are resolved (for I am their oracle) to act like rational creatures, like accountable beings. Once more, farewell! Now, John, William, or whoever were or are the lamplighters, put them all out; for methinks I hear them cry—Amen! Don't you, my lady?"

"No; I wo'nt tell no lies.—I did *not* hear them."

"But, figuratively, you did?"

"Fig!—What a pretty figure we shall cut in the Morning Post to-morrow morning; for I have already sent the whole account of it."

"What! before your company arrived?"

"Yes; I did."

"The devil, you did!"

"We are ruinated with the *tun!*"

"My lady! make your mind easy, even on this head; you sha'nt be exposed. I have already foreseen your folly, and have counteracted it every way; so that your dear reputation is safe with the *tun*, as you call it.—But beware a second attempt! (whispering)—Bedlam! Bedlam!"

Supper being announced, they adjourned. An excellently covered table was displayed, and the band was remarkably good: they fulfilled that evening all Gondola had prophesied, and festivity and merriment prevailed until a late hour, when they retired to rest; for Charlevoix House was large and commodious, and my lady was notable enough to foresee and give orders for her lord's company's accommodation.

The first thing that my lady did in the morning, was to catechise Williams, whom she concluded must have been aiding and assisting in this *déroute;*

for she wisely considered that the postponement cards could not, like Lucretian atoms, *shuffle themselves* to the invited parties without the addresses being known; and, upon reflection, she was surprised he had not informed *her* that Lord Charlevoix had been in town. Williams acknowledged the truth at once, and her ladyship vowed vengeance, threatening him with exclusion from Charlevoix House.

The first thing my lord did, when *he* came down, was also to see Williams, who told all this: and the next thing he did at breakfast, was to desire his lady to ring the bell.

"What do you want, my dear lord?"

"That you shall see! Ah, Summers! it is you I wanted: I must discharge you, for you have been disobedient to my orders: and the coachman, also, him I must send away, for obeying her ladyship's———"

"Oh, my dear lord! pardon them; it was my fault."

"No, my lady! I cannot; you would not pardon Williams, and his fault was mine. Summers, you may retire. And now, madam! I see you are thus early at your resentments; but, be assured, I will not be outdone. Williams shall have double wages, and *shall* stay; and your coachman and footman may stay too; but if you employ them in a similar manner," &c.

The first thing Mr. Sowerby did, when *he* came down, was to take up his hat and go out.

The first thing Lady Julia did at the breakfast-table, where, by this time, the rest were seated, was to read the Morning-Post: "Rout—Lady———(reading) Well, mother! we are saved that mortification, I see (reading). 'Duel in high life'—On Tuesday, a gentleman of high rank and great poetical reputation, had

an affair of honour with a gentleman also of great literary attainments, in the neighbourhood of Gogmagog Hall, in the county of——, which, however, happily ended, after a slight wound inflicted by his lordship upon his adversary. The parties, it is said, are better friends than ever, and the cause of the quarrel was reported to be the elegant and accomplished Lady J—— W——— A——— C———, who resides not a hundred miles from Portman Square." "Oh, save! save me! Mr. Sewell; I shall faint." "What is all that?" said Lady Charlevoix; "let me see it!" "Did you ever hear," remarked Mr. Sewell to Lord Gondola, "what stuff they fill the papers with?" "Stuff! Mr. Sewell!" replied Lady Julia, "it is rather too serious; and was you really wounded?" (pulling him about.) "Me! No, no! my lady! no more than I have already confessed," replied Mr. Sewell. "He was wounded," (whispered Lord Gondola to her.) "Don't be-

lieve him; but I'll never say where: and the night before last his very eyes were red." "Well, I protest, I observed the same, when he pretended to play the violin with me: I saw he had been agitated. But how are you now, Mr. Sewell? No ball, I hope?" "Oh, yes! the ball of last night was the most agreeable I have ever witnessed." "Poh! poh! you tiresome man! I suppose if it had not been for you, her ladyship and my ladyship should not have been forgiven our rout pranks last night." "I doubt if you would," replied her father. "Well! it was truly ridiculous," said Lady Julia; "I have been laughing all night at it. And how foolish my mother looked: and how foolish you looked, and started when I twitched your coat, Sewell! Did any one ever behold such a scene of hollow splendid misery? There was my mother stuck up, ready to receive the homage of the lords, and ladies, and dandies, as they came in. I roving about, to have

all put in order against,—the company from Gogmagog Hall came in; and my father looking as cold and solemn as John Kemble when he plays Penruddock.—Never shall I forget it, *till* the next rout puts it out of my head."

"Then your memory will be a twelve month old, at least," replied the viscount; "for we rusticate immediately: let the *ton* imagine that we *are* poor, so much the better Lady Julia! Brighton contains many such, and many of our families are abroad to save money, after having expended it in such follies as those of last night. Pray, what might one of these ecstacies cost in oil, wax, refreshments, and attendants? What! no answer? However, my Lady Charlevoix, you may make out your account, and I shall write out a check upon my banker for the entertainment of my Gogmagog friends; for I scorn to accept even that from your privy purse: it has been an expensive lesson to me, but that I do not

value. Are you both ready to return to Mr. Manners's seat?"

"Bless me, my lord!" said Lady Charlevoix, "what wagaries you have got into your head; if we are to gipsyfy, then as well there as any where."

"Well, my lady! since *you* are so callous to the hospitality of our friend, we will leave you behind.—Lady Julia! I suppose you stay with your mother?"

"No, indeed, my lord! I will, with the best face I can, take your prescriptions, though they are very unpalateable just now, hereafter, perhaps, they may become less and less so: besides, it is so moping to—to—to—Are you returning to Gogmagog Hall, Mr. Sewell?"

"I am a disposeable article, at your ladyship's pleasure."

"Well, then, let me advise you to return to the hall, where there are plenty of books, as you are *so* fond of study; but, I suppose, we shall never see you but at dinner-time?"

"I hope your ladyship will spend whole mornings with me in the library; for I will guarantee to you more pleasure than you are perhaps aware of—so occupied."

It was then reluctantly agreed by her ladyship senior, to return with the rest of the party, as her lovely little pet did so. It was therefore resolved, that, as soon as Mr. Manners had settled the business that brought him to town, all should re-visit Gogmagog Hall. In the mean time, Mr. Sewell made the whole of the party, still sitting at breakfast, smile by his cross-readings of the newspapers, which he effected with the most determined gravity of countenance, and volubility of tongue; as thus:—

It has been falsely and maliciously reported, that
His Royal Highness the Duke of Y——
pays his debts.

Yesterday arrived in town the celebrated
John King, Esq.
after performing in the farce of X. Y. Z.

The School for the Indigent Blind
opened in Old Palace-Yard, the 21st Jan.

Coal market
nothing new has transpired on this
black business

Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Blomberg
preached at the Pavilion
and did it with ease in less than fifteen
minutes and a quarter.

'Tis said that a great opposition is intended
pray, stop it, and the party shall be
handsomely rewarded.

Pursuant to a decree of the High Court
of Chancery
Mr. Usher sailed up the Thames in a
washing-tub, drawn by four geese.

The new speaker, Mr. M——— S——n
was convicted of keeping a disorderly
house.

Wants a place of all-work
a fine stout mare, mistress of eighteen

stone ; to be seen at the livery stables
in Manchester Mews.

Eligible investment for a small capital
to be sold, a borough, for 3000*l*.

The ministry, it is said, is to be new-modelled
which it is reckoned will cost the public
a large sum annually.

A person of respectability wishes to undertake the superintendance of
the beautiful Circassian girl, just arrived,
intended as a present

Last Wednesday, June 9, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent went in state to
Several notorious common pr——tes.

An indictment for murder is preferred against
Dr. Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead

To be let, on a repairing lease
The Quarterly Review, published this day.

Lately come out of the country
the new street facing Carlton House

The Freemasons will shortly hold their
grand lodge
the utmost secrecy may be depended on

Departures:—Last week left town, Messrs.
Oliver, Castles, and Reynolds
beware of counterfeits, for they are abroad

Mr. Canning and the author of "The
Letter" did not fight a duel
a method of curing ruptures without
cutting

To the clergy:—A clergyman in full
orders wishes to obtain a
Situation as bar-maid.

It is said Sir William Curtis lost his election owing to a deficiency of
Fine lively green turtles.

Wanted, an annuity of £1000. by
The author of Gogmagog Hall.

We hear a divorce will speedily take place
A never-failing remedy for the distemper
among horned cattle.

To be Let, by the week or month
that celebrated filly, Bang; to be seen in
C——d Street; a fair trial allowed.

Warm debates are expected in both houses
a constant supply fresh from Billingsgate.

We have the satisfaction to state, that
their Royal Highnesses the Prince and
Princess of Hesse Hombergh took a
walk yesterday afternoon
round their dominions.

Notwithstanding the present exorbitant
price of candles
some dark transactions in charitable bequests
have been brought to light by
Mr. Brougham.

A cabinet council was held yesterday at
The Goose and Gridiron, St. Paul's
Church-yard.

Yesterday her Royal Highness the
Duchess of Cam——e was safely delivered
to be continued annually.

A young lady, genteelly educated, is willing
An Irish captain, on half-pay, would be glad to

Escaped from the strong-room at the Brown Bear, Bill Soames
if he will return, he will be kindly received.

It is reported that the Archduke Maximilian is a spy
in the new kaleidoscope.

The eradication of superfluous hairs being highly necessary in
The waltz at Almack's.

By the latest advices from Madrid, we learn that the Virgin's petticoats are worn out
the wardrobe of the Theatre-royal, —— ——, will be sold to cover deficiences.

The Rupture Society, lately established, met, and
The Right Hon. George Canning, for-

merly our ambassador at Lisbon, made a celebrated speech on the occasion.

To the curious in Blacking
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine is this day published.

Friday, a poor blind fiddler fell into a pit to which he was conducted by Mr. Chester, master of the ceremonies.

Corn Exchange:—There has been but little doing in
The genuine corn-plaister.

Wanted, by a graduate of the University,
Twenty binns of uncommonly fine wine!

Police!—Yesterday were brought before Sir N. Conant
Several young piping bullfinches.

At a very full meeting of the Common-Hall
the greatest shew of horned cattle for some years.

Wanted, a youth, who has a taste for
Looseness and other disorders.

There has been a report from
The Prince's bomb

All persons having any demand upon
The North Pole
are desired to apply at the Admiralty.

On Saturday, there was held a meeting of
the lady-subscribers, at Almack's, and
nine of the most hardened were committed to Bridewell.

The Habeas Corpus Act being then suspended
Was published, "The False Alarm."

Yesterday, there was a proclamation for a general fast
which was warmly opposed by several aldermen and deputies.

The order for the fast was strictly observed
by all the poor in the parishes of London and Westminster.

Money to any amount always ready
the majority of the House spoke to that effect.

There has been a laudable resolution among the ladies at the west end of the town
to encourage none but their own commodities.

To be sold by the candle
these incorruptible patriots, Messrs. Cobbett, Wooler, Hunt, and Gale Jones—

Wednesday, being the day appointed for a national humiliation
Lady S—— issued 1500 cards for her grand Sunday rout.

Last week the *Hertford*, Dutch-built frigate, broke from her moorings
N. B. This is not the first time of her eloping.

To be Let
several of our modern patriots, who have

lately bestowed their attention on this subject.—

Last Wednesday, Mr. Waithman made his motion against the Insolvent Bill
It happily missed fire, and the rogues escaped.

In pursuance of an act for inclosing commons
it is whispered a noble lord has married his mistress.

It is supposed there will be a change at the helm
the present master to be spoke with on the Irish Walk.

Patriotism ; or, the disinterested love of our country
Fables, for the amusement of children between five and six feet high.

I have long laboured under a complaint, which I found could not be cured but by
Ready money only.

To Lawyers!
Several birds to be seen at Brookes's Menagerie, remarkable for their *long* bills.

To be let, and entered on immediately
A young woman, who will make herself useful

Last week, set out on a matrimonial trip to Scotland
The Right Honourable Lord E......
whoever will restore him to his disconsolate family, shall be handsomely rewarded.—No questions asked.

This being St. Patrick's Day, the tutelary saint of Ireland
This day was published, "Prodigious! or Childe Paddie in London," 3 vols. price £1. 4*s.*
where they may hear of something to their advantage.

In order that none may pretend ignorance
a school for future statesmen has been opened, near the Admiralty.

Eloped from her husband, Eliza, the wife of Edward .....
A light dun, fifteen hands high, with a black mane.

The following is a correct list of the majority which was
bought up in one lot.

Last night, was most barbarously assassinated
The reputation of Lady ——,
by her friend the Marchioness of ———, at the Duchess of ———'s rout.

Departures:—G. Filch, Esq. on his new travels for Portugal; John Ketch, Esq., from Execution Dock, to his delightful seat at Hanging Wood
After previously delivering the ropes contracted for by Mr. Ur—q—t.

Wants a place, as under nursery-maid
The Right Hon. Lord S———th, who is recovered from his late indisposition

N. B. He can produce a good character from his last place.

A respectable middle-aged widow, free from incumbrance, offers herself as a Refuge for the Destitute!

A bill is now preparing to naturalize Sir Hudson Lowe, governor of St. Helena salary £12,000. a-year.

In consequence of Lord Castlereagh insisting that this was the fundamental feature

This day are published, "Reflections on our Latter End."

Real distress!
Turtle sent to any part of the town.

Lost, or mislaid by accident
Marmaduke Lawson, Esq., who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Oh! poverty, of pale consumptive hue,
If thou delight'st to haunt me, still in view,
If still thy presence must my steps attend,
At least continue as thou art—my friend.
When base example bids me be unjust,
False to my word, or faithless to my trust,
Bid me the baneful error quickly see,
And shun the world, to find repose in thee.
When vice or wealth would turn my partial eye,
Or interest shut my ear to sorrow's cry,
Or fashion's custom would my reason bend,
My foe to flatter, or desert my friend,
Oppose, kind poverty, thy temper'd shield,
And bear me off unvanquish'd from the field.
If giddy fortune ere returns again,
With all her idle, restless, wanton train,
Her magic glass should false ambition hold,
Or av'rice bid me put my trust in gold,
To my relief, with long-tried friendship haste,
And with thee bring thy daughters, ever chaste,
Health, Liberty, and Wisdom; sisters bright,
Whose charms can make the worst condition light;

Beneath the hardest fate the mind can cheer,
Can heal affliction, and disarm despair!
In pains, in torments, pleasure can bequeath,
And calm all sorrows we e'er feel beneath.

THE RT. HON. C. J. FOX.

THUS were the hours passing cheerfully, and Lord Charlevoix begun to hail the good effects of this, his domestic revolution: he proclaimed an amnesty to his two disobedient servants, and even Lady Charlevoix appeared content; for it had been the constant aim of Lord Gondola and the rest, to put her in that state of mind, which was as much as to say, in addition to the propriety of her husband's views, that these things she *must* put up with. He then argued in favour of passive obedience and non-resistance where there is not a uniformity of domestic habits,—shewed the folly of bringing up her daughter as she had done, since there was now so much to be undone, in order to make her really respected by men of sense: for her fri-

volity had gained such an alpine height, that it will be difficult indeed to sap the superstructure: but it still *must* be done; she, the only child they had, should be a model of propriety, and not a doll! and so on reasoned Lord Gondola. The old viscountess, however, was inwardly resolved, notwithstanding the ear of attention which she seemingly leant, not to abate an ace of their noble career and authority, and was equally determined Sewell should never possess such a treasure as Lady Julia! And, as high life and dissimulation are so affianced in practice, she had no difficulty whatever in keeping on that mask of hypocrisy, which constant association with the *ton* put on, and made so familiar in the wearing. This should not be deemed by the reader as a coarse or exaggerated picture; for such is even worn by men, and by those who are unquestionably of the first abilities, finely educated, and of great political conse-

quence in their posts as ministers and diplomatists, and originally men of fortune also, and therefore should be free and exempt from this vice. If such then wear the mask of dissimulation, as the politician is known to do, then it is not to be supposed this picture can be overcharged. In fact, there is no vice so common where wealth and luxury exist: for, having then nothing to do, or, if they have, do it not; but, being *ennuyé*, recourse is had to these artificial meetings for artificial enjoyment, where there is no true sociality, no kindred feeling, no rejoicing at each other's welfare, no commiseration at each other's misfortunes or mishaps; for, when adversity comes, away fly the dear, dear friends, as fast as possible, with sundry considerable enigmatical shrugs of the shoulders, and contemptuous sneers, at those who dared with such slender means to do—as they did. Lady Charlevoix, therefore, did not contradict his lord-

ship, nor argue the point with him; so that there appeared a neutrality at least, though it was only externally so, as most neutralities are.

In the mean time, Mr. Sowerby had called upon the father of Emily Melville; and, as we have not at all recurred to this family, we shall state who they are, and what they were.

Mr. Melville had been a merchant; but he was now found by Mr. Sowerby in a second floor, with his numerous family—a decayed gentleman, stiff and high in principle, but with spirits bent down by the rude gale of adversity. He was found, (by his friend,) attending to his wife, the remnant of all that was once lovely now sick, and the five younger children, with books in their hands, for he taught them himself. "My good and noble Mr. Melville! I am come to see you, and to cheer you," said Mr. Sowerby; "I trust I have good news for you. Your lovely Emily (who has, I

know, constantly corresponded with you) has, doubtless, told you of the services she rendered to Mr. Ferrers."

"No, Mr. Sowerby! she has not: she most affectionately spoke of you all, adding, merely, that a young gentleman was indisposed at the house."

"Good, amiable girl!" exclaimed the visitor; "then you shall hear all;" and which he then detailed with the partiality of a friend. The parents shed tears of joy, to find that their Emily had such presence of mind, but more so on account of her prudence and self-command. "Oh, what a punishment!" Mrs. Melville cried, "was that which poverty created, when our darling eldest daughter was compelled, after being indulgently brought up in affluence, to encounter the storms of an indiscriminating world; the tender flower to be thus exposed, while the parent stock is thus obscured. Thank Heaven, however, the principles we have instilled into her

mind have preserved her, and I trust will yet preserve her: but tell me, does she look well and happy?" "Be satisfied, she is both: for Mrs. Clifford's house is the temple of peace and concord. But," added Mr. Sowerby, "listen to me, both of you, for I have something to tell and to propose. First. I will address you, Mr. Melville! Your independence of mind has hitherto scorned to accept, at my hands, any of the offers I have most freely and unaffectedly made, which I conceive very wrong; for here below, in this transitory scene, there is sufficient misery without that additional one, poverty; and I know not what friendship is, if my purse must not be shared by the man to whom I offer it: for this I am certain of, the blessings of industry or providence are not meant for our own single and isolated enjoyment, Oh, no! if they were, then I ought to be happy, for I have plenty; and so ought others,

who are loaded with wealth, and yet look like most pitiable objects. I therefore take it ill, sir! that you have thus chosen to remain in a proud obscurity, rather than take me by the hand, who would lift you up; but, as it is said you are a sensible man, perhaps this may be one way of shewing it,—a way, however, I can't understand, and, more than all, I won't understand. You will please to excuse my quarrelsome way of talking, for it appears I am reduced first to wrangle with you, and then to coax you; why, therefore, would you not be my debtor, even if my gifts were scorned? No! instead, here you all are crowded up in a second floor, as happy, certainly, as people can be in your mutual affection, with the endearments of your children, but still suffering privations for which there is no occasion, while— I am alive. But let me tell you, that neither of you shall have your own way

any longer; for here I have brought you —a release from all your debts."

"What is this I hear!" cried Mr. Melville, putting his handkerchief to his eyes: "Oh, my kind friend!"

"Pray, good sir! don't interrupt me: I will tell you how I effected this mighty thing, that you both, I suppose, mean to make a great fuss about: but, if you begin, I must be off, for I hate crying, (a tear rolling down his own cheek). Well, I have had Brotherton, you know him, my attorney, hard at work for this last month, and those creditors of your's who were honest ones, I have made up to them 20*s*. in the pound; those who were only three-quarters honest, have had 15*s*.; those who are only half and half, 10*s*.: and now this job is completed."

"Oh, most disinterested of men! I ——" (Mr. Melville was about to proceed) "Give me my hat!" cried Mr. Sowerby; "though I have not half

done." "Well, good Mr. Sowerby! he shall not interrupt," cried Mrs. Melville. "Thank you, madam! I am glad to find the mother of Emily Melville the more reasonable of the two parents. So, so; where was I? Oh, now I recollect. Well, I have been for some time employed as a spy! aye, as a spy! a very odious character; and yet I believe I am the only one that ever got any good by it. I have been watching your daughter; true! I did not suspect her of being very, very bad; but still I wanted to find out if there were any good points about her; for the young ladies of this day are comical compounds of virtue and audaciousness; of accomplishment in all sorts of trickery, with a woeful want of common sense; ready to fall in love with old or young, in order to get married, and so on. But Emily, God bless her! I found *her* to be modest, unassuming, obedient, and very affectionate to her parents. Now

the last part of speech, I must own, staggered me a good deal! I was not prepared for this, for each young miss of nineteen, more or less, now sets down her mother as a fool, and her father as little better. The accident that happened to a most deserving young man, Mr. Ferrers, still further developed the materials she was composed of; for then she did shine so gloriously—I recollected her for a Melville." (Mr. Sowerby then detailed the whole of the affair of Mr. Ferrers, and Lady Julia's betrothment to him.) "Now, what I want is, Mr. Melville! that you will do me the favour to accompany me to Ibbetson's, where Mr. Manners now is, and, after that, spend a week with us at the Hall, for I can take that liberty with my friend; and the next morning of our arrival we will visit Emily, at Mrs. Clifford's.—But I suppose you are so fond of one another, that Mrs. Melville cannot spare you for a week!"

The worthy couple were profuse in their acknowledgments, notwithstanding Mr. Sowerby's injunctions to the contrary, and his hat being frequently taken up. Mr. Melville readily assented.

"And now," said Mr. Sowerby, "what think you of losing your daughter for ever? could you bear her loss? for such my hope is, that you may thus suffer for all your impertinence to me. I shall never forgive it, that you may depend upon; and as I cannot shew my resentment better, Emily shall be married soon."

"Now, really, Mr. Sowerby! you are joking;" said Mrs. Melville.

"No! I have not time to joke: come, make haste, we shall be late. But, as I have a call to make, I will give you half an hour; and then, I hope, you will be ready."

Mr. and Mrs. Melville now congratulated each other upon this happy

reverse of fortune, so suddenly and auspiciously appearing; and, as they had sufficient evidence of the unblenching rectitude of their friend's parental feelings, their confidence they deemed not misplaced in conceding to his acts. Mr. Sowerby returned, and a coach took them to Ibbetson's.

"Sir!" said Mr. Sowerby, addressing Mr. Manners, "I have the honour to present to you, my dearest and most intimate friend, Mr. Henry Melville, the father of *my* Emily Melville, for she is my daughter too—by adoption; such a girl is worthy of two protectors!——"

"What do I hear and see?" cried Mr. Manners; "my old and valued school-fellow! Thank God! that I am living, and thus sensible to the pleasures of renewing our friendship, once boyish, now ripened, I trust, into a lasting one, by the introduction of our common friend. But, come, my old play-fellow, who once, being the better boxer, saved me from

many a bloody nose; how has the world used you? roughly or prosperously? I fear the former by your daughter's occupation:—pardon me,—I would not offend for the world; but, Heaven be praised! it has all happened very well in the scale of events; for if she had not been an inmate of Mrs. Clifford's, and an intimate of Dr. Godfrey, my neighbour, and the Fauconbergs, we should not have had such a benefactor to our family as she has been, in the recovery of my Ferrers, nor should I have had the pleasure of this meeting."

"My dear sir!" replied Mr. Melville, "I feel highly gratified at this interview, and hope we shall be still better acquainted, and particularly since my Emily has written to us such flattering accounts of the very kind treatment she experienced at your mansion, for some weeks. You was good enough to identify my welfare with your hopes, just now;

and I will, by and by, give you a brief recital of my history."

Dinner ended, Mr. Melville began:—

"I do not know how to account for it, sir! that we daily witness instances of the most remarkable industry, united even with genius in some men, ending in poverty; whilst their contemporaries, who do not appear to aim at competitorship, not only get on smoothly, but at the end of twenty-five years, or often sooner, retire, and become respectable.—True, I have observed, that the latter do such things, that are, to say the least, problematical, yet they are equally esteemed. You may recollect, that I was destined for the counting-house, and, after the usual routine, became myself a merchant. It was my good fortune early in life to visit, where I first saw my wife: she was in the bloom of youth, with a fortune of five thousand pounds: our inclinations were mutual, and in a short time we be-

came united. Our business went on well, and our family increased. Years rolled away in uninterrupted felicity, for I was of a domestic turn; until, in an unlucky moment, I adopted that mad resolution of being my own insurer. On a sudden, as it were, my ships were taken or lost, and I was nearly reduced to the Gazette. But, having been an economical man all my life, this disaster was repaired by selling my freehold in the country, and retrenching our expenses in town: but although I saved my credit and honour, the up-hill work I had to go through was very perplexing, and full of anxiety; yet it at last succeeded, and I regained at length the summit from which I had fallen. And here I cannot but reflect upon the conduct of several of my contemporaries, who, in such a situation, made a reserve in their insolvencies, whereby in a few short months they flourished again like a green bay-tree; and, strange to

say, seemed to be equally respected. Some of those with whom I had been connected,—I allude to that period of poverty occasioned by my insurances,—censured my folly for paying in full; but, foolish as it might be, I slept the quieter for it, and fancied I could look a man in the face upon 'Change, better than those defaulters just alluded to; but this I since discovered was *but* fancy. However, I entirely recovered my losses, and things went on better than ever, until I became one of the securities for my banker, who was a receiver for Government, and in whom I had the highest confidence, and—he failed. An extent was immediately placed upon all that I possessed, which was thus totally annihilated, and swallowed up beyond redemption; for though others suffered as well as myself, there was not even enough left then to satisfy that great maw, which, like another leviathan, gorges all with more insatiate rapacity, than ever did a

brother-merchant or tradesman, who has some feeling and reflection, and never, I may almost say, willingly and knowingly consigns an honest family to entire and absolute dependence! At the period of this catastrophe, my creditors were indeed few, for I had contracted my business for the purpose of retiring, and had placed my money in the funds; but houses, furniture, all were swept away at one blow. What then remained? I retired to a second-floor with my family; there to endure my poverty, assured of their duty and affection; for, really, I had not strength of mind, nor could I demean myself, to seek a situation among those whom I knew in better days. Still, however, something must be done. My eldest boy, a noble youth, after an affectionate and abrupt farewell, and with assurance of eternal attachment and prayers for our welfare, withdrew himself, with these parting words: 'He could not bear to be a bur-

then upon us; and that when we heard from him, he should be better off.' Our eldest daughter, Emily, likewise volunteered to take the office of governess,—and you may guess our feelings when she proposed it; but she was resolute. She then answered several advertisements; and at length, after encountering, in many instances, insolence, that, repeated by her mother to me afterwards, made my blood to boil: for my dearest girl, knowing my irritability, told *me* quite the reverse. Upon some of these occasions, the questions put to her were, 'Well, child! what religion are you of? I suppose you are well read in the Roman History of England?—Do you understand geogrāphy and astronōmy properly?—You play?—Let me hear you play Mall in the Wadd!—You must walk out with the children upon the common.—You dine at the second table.—How old are you?—Dear me! you appear much

younger than you say you are; and my two eldest sons are too near your own age.—It would be disagreeable.—It would be a pity.—It won't do, miss!—and so on.' Thus, as I understood afterwards, was my poor girl catechised in this her purgatorial career. Well, then, my other five children I did contrive, by the most strict economy, to keep at home; and their education filled up and beguiled many uneasy hours, and made them pleasant ones in marking their ripening ideas. We endured some privations, but endured them cheerfully; and yet we were not totally deserted; for a some one—but I suspect who, (looking at Mr. Sowerby)—sent every now and then a twenty-pound note, in a blank cover: and it was always left in that way, that the bearer was gone as soon as he was sure of its being received. And, not long since, my daughter enclosed us fifty pounds; which sum, being to us, in our reduced state, large,

we ventured then, in part, to use, *in* getting ourselves better clad. And now Mr. Sowerby, my friend here, *may* take up his hat, if he pleases; but it shall be told *to* you, Mr. Manners, that he has had the active generosity to settle with my few creditors, and has this day handed me their releases. Thus, sir! you have the sad epitome of those casualties, which do sometimes attend us, and, what is more, do too often provoke the silent contempt of those around us,—the more worldly wise, possessing the true man-of-the-world faculty, who sneer at a decayed gentleman, though the causes of his decay are not dishonourable; but who will bow down to the ground most complaisantly to the next furrier or even farrier, if he makes his shew off, although perhaps he goes into the Gazette next week. This predilection for external appearances is, however, very shocking, and rather reproachful to the English nation; for a well-drest

man can swindle, but an ill-drest man is already set down as a swindler; thus dandyism, in one shape or another, thrives most amazingly. And I am again struck at the vast attention, which is paid to mere wealth; for, to the utter confusion of all my reasoning powers, I have noticed many, who, having once or twice failed, yet, afterwards grown rich, are bowed to, as if they had paid their old creditors up, who perhaps really want it, which, however, is not done; though, if they had any principle left, they should: yet even such City refuse strut, and talk big, and, what is more, actually receive as much attention—as if they were honest men."

"Why, my dear sir!" cried Mr. Manners, "I am sorry to perceive you are such a simpleton, as to be surprised at these things,—they are so common: we never shall reform mankind, who go on and will do just as they please. Let us therefore leave the ungrateful topic,

and, over our wine, speak upon a more delightful, more exhilarating subject; —I mean one of flesh and blood, sir! no less than your daughter. Perhaps you have heard some particulars that have occurred in my family; if so, you must have heard, also, of a certain predilection that a certain gentleman labours under for Miss Melville. I understand that, what with a wounded leg and a wounded heart, his case is a very deplorable one, and will perhaps get worse, unless the only remedy is administered. viz. marriage."

"Sir," replied Mr. Melville, "highly honoured as I should most assuredly feel in any alliance with a part of your family, I yet must decline the proposed union, for many reasons that I could at present name."

"State one," cried Mr. Sowerby and Mr. Manners, in a breath.

"She has no fortune," observed Mr. Melville.

" That is untrue," said Mr. Sowerby.

" Sir!"

" Yes, sir! don't look so grim. I only appeal to Mr. Manners, if what I have asserted is not correct, and your's false?"

" Most correct," replied Mr. Manners.

" Oh! I see, you would banter me with the usual joke, that she is a fortune in herself."

" Psha! nonsense! we know that: but her fortune is a good one," replied Mr. Manners. " Here I have a proof of it, (opening a square of parchment upon the table, and putting on his spectacles, then reading)—

' I hereby give and bequeath, being
' now in sound mind and body, &c.,
' to William Manners, in trust, the
' sum of twenty-two thousand
' pounds, five per cents., for the
' sole use of Emily Melville, daugh-
' ter of Henry and Emilia Melville,

'formerly living in Fenchurch
'Street, and now living in a two-
'pair lodging, &c.

(Signed) 'Edward Sowerby.

'And witnessed by me, Septimus
'Manners.'

"So that, for once, Mr. Melville! you must suffer yourself to be contradicted."

It is not possible to describe the feelings which now throbbed in Mr. Melville's breast: they were those of gratitude, of joy, of exultation. He seized Mr. Sowerby's hand, called him his best benefactor, since he had thus kindly raised up her who was comparatively but poor and needy, and done such an act, that would make the whole family his debtors, had they twenty lives.

"Why, really," said Mr. Sowerby, "your conduct surprises me! Why should I hear all this stuff? I am now sixty-two; I can't live long; and I loved

Emily for her virtues, and, having no one living relation, was determined to please myself, and I have done it. Besides, though she will not want this money, yet I was resolved she should not be under much obligation to my friend Manners there; for *I* saw the attachment of Ferrers, and I fancied that I saw it reciprocal; and I knew Mr. Manners would do an act of injustice, if he did not *then* consent to my views, as to their union."

"My dear friend Melville!" replied Mr. Manners, "I have enough, and to spare; and Mr. Sowerby is, for once, wrong; for Emily Melville should have been Mrs. Ferrers, without a shilling, if her inclinations accorded. Such was my resolve, if I found her family respectable, directly after the mad freaks of Lady Julia Charlevoix. This point, however, settled, what may be your second objection?"

"I can have none, if my daughter

has not: she shall be consulted, and then every thing goes on in form. But I feel, gentlemen! greatly oppressed with this sudden tide of prosperity, which, being totally unexpected, has quite affected me."

CHAPTER XXIX.

At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words,
But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud:
Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
An Anti-Melville passion swell'd her breast,
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form.

"And now," said Mr. Manners, addressing Mr. Sowerby and Mr. Melville, "permit *me* also to explain, for in honour I am so bound, as to who Mr. Ferrers is. To you, Mr. Sowerby! my worthy friend, whose open and fearless honesty in all companies I have ever admired; and to you, Mr. Melville, though newly acquired, not less valuable to me, I am equally bound to state who he is." Mr. Manners here detailed his previous life, which has already been laid before the reader, and

then continued. "My generous uncle, who set me afloat in the world, and had returned from India, married, in his old age, a lady young enough to be his daughter, who survived him: the widow was afterwards addressed by a gentleman of the name of Ferrers, and this youth was the only child of that unfortunate match; for the annuity which my uncle bought her expired at her death, which took place shortly after; and the new husband, a very improvident man, run a career which soon brought him to the grave. Poor Ferrers! This orphan, then, was thus early thrown upon the world; and had not a compassionate neighbour played the good Samaritan towards him, he might have been obscured for ever. That kind friend, for such I will ever call him, whose feelings were alive to the unprotected, wrote to me, then in India, the exact state of things, and I remitted sufficient funds to my London agent to

amply reimburse the child's original benefactor, as well as to have him educated in the best manner for the future. The accounts I received from time to time were so satisfactory, that I had him sent to the university; and, finally, having unfortunately lost all my children, I inwardly yearned after this young man, whom I had never seen, but who had been as a child to me, and myself as a father to him; and then resolving to end my days in the land of my forefathers, I embarked, having from year to year previously despatched my property to this happy country, to embrace this youth as my adopted son. But who can appreciate the feelings which I then possessed, at the sight of a fine youth, of noble figure and ingenuous countenance, and, still more, with an ingenuous heart, which poured itself out to me, his benefactor, patron, father, every thing! The tide of his gratitude was immeasurable: it came with

a spontaneous eloquence so true to nature, yet so refined by education, that I was lost in joy. Here, I mentally exclaimed, is my son, my heir! for though I had not so garnered up my hopes, thus am I agreeably surprised, and glory in having befriended such a youth. Now it may be supposed strange, that I never divulged who Mr. Ferrers was: In the first place, I did not deem it necessary; and particularly on account of the poverty and destitution of his childhood, and non-relationship: and, secondly, I *did* wish to notice how the world *would* recognise this young man at my house, thus mysteriously brought up, perhaps thought to be, or pronounced, my illegitimate son: and, as the latter was the most likely of all to be most readily conceived by a censorious world, I must confess I was surprised to find that universal attention was paid to him by all the legitimates, male and female,

high and low; because he was Mr. Manners's heir. I soon felt convinced, had I set up a monkey at the end of my table as my heir, such is the respect paid to riches, that he also would have shared the respect paid at Gogmagog Hall. However, my friends! such is my dear boy, whose conduct, as well as appearance, will justify being Mr. Melville's son-in-law, and that is saying something. His wealth, such as I can give him, would most probably spoil him, had he not been already brought up in a proper way; but the wealth of his mind assures me he will be one of England's brightest senators: and I do assure you, Mr. Sowerby! that your parchment deed, which, with your noble motives, is still justly appreciated, must be very soon assigned over to those who want it more; and such I know would be the very first act of Emily Melville herself."

And thus passed, over the bottle and over business, one of the pleasantest after-

noons that three old gentlemen ever enjoyed.

"And now," said Mr. Manners, "suppose we adjourn to my friend lord Charlevoix's, which is not far off, to whom I will introduce you, and to-morrow we will start for my Mansion." So saying, they entered a hackney-coach, and arrived at the *Hotel Charlevoix*, as my lady had christened it; though, with her usual fondness for aspirating the vowels, she would have it a Hot Hell,—and so it was to her husband, until he, like Sampson, burst his fetters, though she was not much of a Delilah. It is needless to say, that Mr. Melville was most graciously received by all, except the old lady; for he was of a noble person, and that alone, as lord Chesterfield says, is a ticket of recommendation. My lady now begun almost to despair, on finding another plain *mister* introduced into her noble family. She *wi*counted her husband perpetually in her conversation, in order

to keep *Mister* Melville in check; but she was soon mortified in perceiving that gentleman and her *wi*count on such an intimate footing of familiarity and friendship, that utterly disorganized her acute feeling for, and the magical influence of, title of any sort; for, had the keeper of a mad-house been knighted, and introduced to her, she would have sir'd him a hundred and fifty times in an evening, besides being most gracious into the bargain: but this accumulation of *misters*, the discontinuance of her routs, whereby her friends the duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and ladies, who honoured them, would be seen no more, so discomposed her, that the speciousness of common civility was, with great difficulty, kept up at all by Lady Charlevoix. Lord Gondola, however, and the rest of the company, vied with each other in their attentions to the father of Emily; and the latter was soon made acquainted with the friendly in-

terference of Lord Gondola. Now Lady Julia did not know what part she was to play, *until* she had consulted Mr. Sewell, who, it seems, was to put her right; but she knew her mother's ways, and Lady Julia could not wean herself all at once from that constant system of under-plot, aiding, abetting, whispering, and so on; her Cicerone had, therefore, much task-work to go through, especially as he plainly saw how he was disliked, and even spurned by Lady Charlevoix. However, during the evening, he attracted Mr. Melville and these two ladies into a *coterie* of his own, in order, by a better introduction of the stranger, his residence at the Hall might be made more agreeable. Lady Charlevoix bridled up, however, and shewed off. "Pray, Mister Muddle"—"Melville is my name, my lady."—"Oh! aye! Eh! eh! I never can recollect no misters, or, if I do, I am sure to make some error. Pray, Mr. Molleville, are

you any relation to the Mollevilles of France, who wrote some wolumes on the Rewolution?—and where do you live? eh!" "No, my lady! my name is Melville, not Molleville: my residence has been heretofore in Philpot-lane, Fenchurch-street, for ——" "Fill Pot! shocking! barbarious place! I am extonished that any one pretending to be—hang-say-arnce, as *we* say, should live there, and then tempt to associate with us." "My lady! excuse me; there are respectable people even in the holes and corners of our vast metropolis: perhaps you would be appalled by a visit from a gentleman out of Pudding-lane, or from Pye-corner?"

"Sir!—Mr. Mal—Mel—Mol—what's your name? This wulgarity *we* are not accustomed to,—when your pudding and pye-crust places are put into Mister Boyle's Court Guide, which they never will, *I* wow, then it will be quite time

to mention such disgustions—enough to give a lady of quality the wapours."

"But, my lady, what can the citizens do? To be sure, when we can afford it, we take lodgings or houses at Highgate, Hampstead, Camberwell, and so on."

"All wulgar to the last degree: but, if people can't afford no better, they must drudge like cits, and be wigilant in trade. But I say, mister, they never get rid of the City!—never! never!—One smells the taller-chandler, and the soap-biler, and the baccanist, and the druggister, before he comes near one,—even a mile off."

"Now, really, my Lady Charlevoix," excuse my interruption, observed Mr. Sewell, "you wrong the other side of Temple-bar much. If you would do me the honour of your company any day, *I*, even I, could shew you personal instances of as much, nay, more refinement than exists in the West; for we all

know that every sort of language and behaviour passes current *here*, if wealth or title cover it: my dear lady! look at our House of Commons, where are many tradesmen and merchants, and you will find they do not disgrace St. Stephen's. But I beg your ladyship's pardon; you will allow me to convince you of your improper prejudice, I hope, some day?'

"Do, madam!" echoed Lady Julia.

"Convince me of my want of prejudice! never! I wouldn't be seen beyond them gates, that divide the two classes of society, for any thing ever so waluable; and I am extonished at you, Mr. Swell—Sew—what's your name? your insurance, I wow, has quite put me in a fewer!"

"What next, madam?" replied Lady Julia: "Mr. Sewell is perfectly right, and you are perfectly wrong.—Hey day! indeed, if *you* don't choose to go to the City, then I will, to ascertain, for I know he is right; and I cannot allow you to

contradict people so, without knowing any thing of the matter."

"Lady Charlevoix! excuse me," added Mr. Sewell, "hereafter I shall, in your presence, learn to be silent; though I can most sincerely assure you I did not mean to offend."

"Well, Mr. S-S-S! since you have made a pology, I shall owerlook it; but don't you take them liberties any more. ——Where do you live now, Mr. Melwille?"

"In Paddington Street, Lady Charlevoix!"

"What number? for I have Boyle in my riddeycool."

"Number 354, my lady! It is but a small house, and latterly I have only occupied a second floor there—"

"Oh, heavens! (withdrawing her chair a yard back, as if in danger of infection,) a what! a second floor? (quite shocked, and looking round the room with amazement.)—Well, really this is

not to be borne; to be sociated thus with every tag-rag that the wicount brings here, I suppose on purpose to wex me."

"Lady Charlevoix!" said Mr. Melville, "I perceive it is your design to insult me; but, as you are *a* lady, I will stoop so low as merely to treat you with silent contempt."

Her ladyship screamed at this (to her, a) very unusual speech; and this brought the company about her. Lord Charlevoix, however, coolly rung the bell, and, when the footman appeared, desired that Lady Charlevoix's maid might be sent to her, for she was about to retire.

"And now, madam!" said the viscount, "I hope you will very calmly leave the room; for I have overheard every syllable you have uttered to that honourable man." They all now begged no further notice might be taken of it; but Lord Charlevoix insisted; and her ladyship made her exit in a

rage, vowing vengeance. Mr. Melville apologized for thus being the cause of family dissension.—" No, sir!" replied the viscount, " it is I who have to do that, and I would fain hope, for my sake, you will pardon it; my lady has had *rather* too much her own way, that is all, Mr. Melville! I trust it is not too late, but I am attempting to bring my family to reason.—Pray, Lady Julia, as you witnessed your mother's conduct, perhaps you approve of it too?"

" Quite the reverse, my lord! My mother was determined to run a muck, as the saying is; and first tilted at poor harmless Mr. Sewell, and then at Mr. Melville. I am sorry for her mortification, but I cannot defend her conduct."

Mr. Sewell seized her hand, and kissed it fervently; and her father got up, and embraced her. " My dear girl! still dear! cherish such sentiments, discard from your mind the frivolities which have debased it, reason and reflect, and

then—then, indeed, we may have routs, or any thing else you choose." He sat down, greatly agitated.

Mr. Sewell here begged, that Lady Julia might be permitted to go to her ladyship, and so reconciling matters, bring her down.

" Sir," observed the viscount, " I honour the kindness of your motives, but I do not think it will avail; however, if my daughter chooses, she may go."

And go, she did, but she found her mother more boisterous than the Bay of Biscay; she talked of a separation, or divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and in fact was in a fit frame for any thing of the sort; only, that her daughter Lady Julia did not happen to abet her in her wise resolves, as heretofore; but, on the contrary, after proving she had been in fault, begged her to be quiet, and come down stairs.

" Mean-spirited girl! thou a Charle-

voix! never, until they all go down on their knees, and pologize!—"

"Well, madam! I have now done my duty, and I'm off; when you want me, ring your bell!"

"Stay, Lady Julia! can you thus tamely bear to see your mother insulted by such ramshacklers?"

"Ram—what do you call them?—Pray, what next? my lady!—I can bear, and ever will bear to see you insulted, were you twenty times our mother, when you behave ill to Mr. Sewell,—who is as fine, well-behaved, genteel, and noble young man as ever eyes beheld.—But I can't stop: will you leave off drinking that nasty cherry-bounce, and come down, or not?"

"Am I in the wrong, then, my dear?" said Lady Charlevoix, sobbing. "Yes, you are; but I can't stop, I tell you once more—I will come up again in a few minutes, when you have left off rubbing your eyes."

So saying, she left the room, and her ladyship sported some sulky meditations, which are not worth repeating; after which, and recomposing her face and dress, she waited with considerable impatience for her daughter; and at last rung the bell, and then reappeared in the drawing-room, escorted by Lady Julia. The company were all engaged at a round game of loo, and, as the viscount had desired, no remark was made; a seat was vacant next to Mr. Melville, and she joined the loo-party: however, the latter gentleman did all he could during the evening to prove how sorry he was to be the innocent cause of a domestic misunderstanding, and that when she knew him better, perhaps, she would believe him to be sincere. Mr. Sewell very soon declined playing, under the plea of a head-ache, though it really proceeded from a light pocket. Lady Julia soon followed his example, and they had their tête à tête, as he (and

perhaps, also, as her ladyship) wished: thus *they* were happy. Mr. Sowerby felt that he had been serviceable in and upheld the cause of virtue, and that made *him* happy: indeed he was as playful as a young kitten, for he knew that all his plans had prospered in his own way. Lord Gondola was as happy 'as could be expected,' for he was conscious how much of the prosperous prospect was of his forming, and only felt uneasy until his benevolent plot had entirely taken effect, and then he should go to the Quakers, and then—perhaps, elsewhere. Mr. Manners was happy too; all went on well with him, excepting *time;* for that seemed to linger until—he had made others happy. But Mr. Melville's felicity was beyond compare: it had only this alloy, that his dear wife, the partner of his joys and his sorrows, she who had cherished, and even inspired his fortitude under the most trying circumstances, knew not yet what had occurred:

for the attachment which still existed in his breast for her, was far superior to, and sublimated beyond that which adorned even their early loves;—the confirmed esteem of a couple, accustomed to each other for above a score years, is no such trivial matter as light-thinkers imagine. If one is cut off by death, this world instantly becomes a desolate scene, a wilderness, a desert, where there is nothing left to cheer; and even the endearments of children often fail, though nothing can be superior in enjoyment than the innocent and lisping gratitude of our offspring. Thus felt Mr. Melville, for he could know no happiness, but that which was shared by his beloved partner now at home, and who still was ignorant of her Emily's present good fortune, and her still better prospects. Mr. and Mrs. Fauconberg were also happy too: they preferred the domestic scenes of Gogmagog Hall to the eternal round of vacuity, which

must be gone through, were they returned to their house in Baker Street. The midnight raps were unwelcome to their ears, and the late hours to their would-be-plain habits; besides, Mr. Manners would not hear of their departure, and the circle now there pleased them; for they foresaw the happiness of more than one, and had in some degree contributed towards it. Mr. La Trobe was also happy; for he had such a store of mental resources, that his occupations were endless, and the tempter *Ennui* never comes, if we are busy. The viscount was *getting* happy, for he loved Sewell, and hoped that some day would hail him as a relation: he also imagined his daughter's reformation not to be very remote; but for his lady's, he had, alas! little faith in, because he knew her to be vindictive. Upon the whole, therefore, the wings of felicity fanned its welcome breezes, more or less, as we have shewn: and, as this party

were now summoned to supper, we have only to add, that harmony was restored, and that they all slept at Charlevoix House.

In the morning, the whole party proceeded from Portman Square, and, as Lady Julia observed, there was room in their carriage, Mr. Sewell might be ac commodated, *if* he chose. Lady Charlevoix, however, sighed, and looked blue also, at this circumstance; but the viscount thanked his daughter for the thought. During the ride, that young man displayed such powers of conversation and extensive reading, that the journey hardly appeared long enough to two of the travellers;—and for the third, he had catered up all the diverting stories, odd accidents, and coincidences he could recollect, which, though they did extort a laugh indeed, it was still a reluctant one from the determined-to-be dissatisfied dowager. Four hours set all the party down at the Hall, and Mr.

Manners succeeded with Mr. Melville, in allowing him to write to his daughter, and announce his visiting her the next morning; but it was with some difficulty that the heart of the glad father could be quieted into the acquiescence of a day's delay. A courier was instantly despatched, who, upon his return, reported that Miss Melville was well, and that she anxiously looked for the moment, when she should see her very kind and almost paternal friend, Mr. Manners, who, in his letter, had, however, not told her one word of Mr. Melville's accompanying him. Mrs. Fauconberg, having so good an opportunity, had also written to that young lady: it was as follows:—

" My dearest Miss Melville!

" Pray, excuse abruptness, for the courier is at the door ready mounted. Emily! prepare yourself for a siege;— there *is* a Quixote about to aspire to the

honour of your fair hand; he is well armed, and has, besides wealth, learning and person to back him: such a hero would succeed by a *coup de main* with others, although he has a shattered limb, but with you, I hope, the fortress is impregnable. For the honour of our sex, therefore, throw all possible difficulties in the way, that you can; if there are none, create some. Pray, have you no other lovers, my dear! to tease him a bit? if you have not, I much fear for you; methinks I already see you blushing,—and hesitating;—your eyes half filled with tears of joy! oh! don't *you* be so weak! —when he is ardent, be you volatile; when he is gay, you must be serious; when he is quite distracted, point to the horse-pond! Pray, pray!—keep up the honour of our sex!—Say, No! when you mean, Yes! and Yes, for No.—Say that you are too young;—his sincerity must be put to a five year's trial: tumble off your horse to try his gallantry;—but,

whatever else you do—be charmingly coquettish! Thus you will, by making your lover do penance beforehand, be a greater conqueror by those pair of eyes of yours, than Julius Cæsar, or Alexander, or Buonaparte, or even Wellington, with their batons and swords What do you think of acting Ophelia? *There* you touch and try him; you know he might by degrees recover *you*, as you did *him*, and then there's no obligation on either side. How pretty you would look with your long dark hair flowing about, and half a dozen marigolds in a straw plait, for a diadem; yet should you dislike all this as *outrée*, then become fashionable,—that *must* do; for you will then be set down as incurably mad, and put under the regimen of Doctor Ferrers, who will either kill or cure you. There are here a parcel of old gentlemen, seemingly bent upon tying you up for life: all I wish, my dear! is, you will keep up the dignity

of our sex, which is done best by playing off all those airs, that the thousands of heroines have done before,—vide Novels from the Minerva Press;—besides, it appears to me that your disinterestedness will be called in question, if you marry *your* hero before he has sentimentally pledged all his clothes. and, being reduced to the last shilling, walks up and down St. James's Park all night, in a brain-fever. But this, and all other hints, I leave to your superior judgment, still hoping you will not yield upon compulsion, as Falstaff says.

"I am, dear Emily,
"Your's, faithfully and affectionately,
"Eliza Fauconberg.

"P.S. What do you think of an elopement, and all the Gogmagog people after you, bringing you back, when at the last stage, or within sight of Gretna?

"P.P.S. Whatever else you omit, make him jealous! that's the only true touchstone!"

Mr. Ferrers was now introduced to Mr. Melville; and as that young gentleman was by this time able to walk with a stick, they took a turn in the shrubbery, where the youth poured out his tale of love and gratitude to the father of her who had saved his life,—recapitulated her generous behaviour,—dwelt on those various points which made her still more interesting; for what will not a lover think and say of the object of his idolatry, where there is a magic in every ringlet of her hair, and in every tone of her utterance: but independent of this feeling, which he held in common with other lovers, Mr. Ferrers was a man of sense; and, to the gratified father, he so eulogised her understanding, accomplishments, and manners, that it bespoke the utmost sincerity of soul, as well as his penetration and discernment.

"My dear young man!" replied Mr. Melville, "I am utterly ignorant of the

state of my daughter's heart, but I believe it to be a single one, for otherwise her mother would have known it, from whom she dutifully conceals nothing. Mr. Ferrers, you have not only my approbation, but you shall have my assistance and recommendation also, if necessary, though I should judge it is not, from what I hear; but to-morrow I shall see her, and, as openness is an indispensable at all times with me, I shall freely tell you all."

"Then, indeed, Mr. Melville, you are my friend, for my heart is set upon the possession of this jewel; and let me add, sir! it shall be my pride through life to honour and to cherish those qualities which so adorn Miss Melville now, and will still more adorn me, as her husband—should I be that fortunate man."

Mr. Sowerby unceremoniously came up. "Well, you are at it already, young man! These youngsters, Mr. Mel-Mal-Mol,—I beg your pardon! (mimic-

ing Lady Charlevoix) are in such a hurry; they seem to expect and to fear a revolution in the elements, and that the orderof nature is about to be inverted to retard their happiness. However, sir! (addressing Ferrers,) should you get your old—(young, I mean) nurse to look after you, I hope you will be equally attentive to her twenty years hence as now, for great is your responsibility. much will be expected from you. I trust you will set *a* fashion—by giving a good example; and not follow it, as most now do, with vacant heads and vacant hearts, until they become little better than a moving mass of insipidity. Mr. Ferrers, let the dignity and fortitude of this gentleman, your future father-in-law, be ever before your eyes. In the days of his prosperity, he acted like a man: in the days of his adversity he was a hero. But although I lecture you, and presume to advise, I have a full confidence in the propriety of your future career:

you will be rich, and therefore set above the temptations which have dwindled statesmen down into mere trucklers for place: *you* will not sell your birthright for a mess of pottage: no! rather be the independent, upright, country gentleman, whose vote will tell in the day of account, and whose honest sternness in debate shall make the minions of slavery, or under whatever other name it may be garnished with, tremble!"

CHAPTER XXX

Here's long-trotting Tom, to finger the reins,
And tip all the go-by from Lon'on to Staines.

He was a fool through choice, not want of wit.
His foppery, without the help of sense,
Could ne'er have ris'n to such an excellence
Nature's as lame in making a true fop
As a philosopher; the very top
And dignity of folly we attain
By studious search, and labour of the brain,
By observation, counsel, and deep thought,
God never made a coxcomb worth a groat.
We owe that name to industry and arts;
An em'nent fool must be a man of parts.

Of such a nature was the conversation of Mr. Melville, Mr. Sowerby, and Mr. Ferrers. The latter now received the congratulations of all his friends, besides being closetted for an hour with Mr. Manners before dinner. In the

in which Lady Charlevoix's orations were clothed; *but* she was a viscountess, and gave routs, and those causes were entirely operative ones, toward a friendship between them.

Much time was spent in mutual introduction that noon, and in dressing for dinner. Among such a varied group, however, Lord Gondola seemed particularly busy: he held a special conversazione with the new arrivals; and, as it had been *the fashion* to admire him, he easily gained their ear, and the tenor of his conversation was with those whom he suspected of being adverse to the rising fortune of Sewell; and he made it his business to discuss that point, advocating nothing, but courting opinion. In his rounds he did ascertain that Lady Shuffle and Miss Grace Gaskin were hostile to Lady Julia's flinging herself away upon a fellow not worth a shilling! his lordship concluded them, therefore, capable of any mischief: he also sounded

Mr. Caustic, who, though inveterate against his friend's politics, and envious of his possibly approaching good fortune, was yet rather too high in mind to stoop to any degrading measures to impede it. As for Lady Caloric and Mr. Fentum, they were content, in such cases, to let the world *vadere sicut vult vadere*, and never interfered. This subtle spirit of interference in other people's concerns is, however, a very prevailing, though a very unaccountable one; for we have known whole families set by the ears upon a few remarks made by one who thought himself wiser than the rest, and thus a breach of more than friendship effected, which took years to close up. When one of this sort gets into a circle, with his shrugs, sneers, nods, and winks, he is more terrible than an earthquake or a pestilence, for he destroys the very socialities of life, by inflaming the pride of the parties he sets at variance to such a pitch, that conces-

sion and apology are things out of the question. We much doubt if those gentlemen, Messrs. Oliver, Castles, and Reynolds, were so mischievous to the body politic, as such a one is to a family pacific; for there is no end to the effects of the latter. Father is set against child, and child against father,—masters against servants,—landlords against tenants, and *vice versa;* for who can tell where will end the ramifications of a falsehood, even by implication, or inuendo?

O world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as t'were, in love
Inseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one, the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

CORIOLANUS.

Reader! It is very presumptuous in us to advise; but, throughout your career,

it will be far more safe for you to see,—than tell. Harmonise, if you can; for there are a thousand little things done, which viewing, we know to be improper. but do not *you* turn reformer—where you have no business; for be it added, some are so wedded to their own follies, they will not thank you for this interference, even in the cause of virtue. To meddle in other's family-matters, therefore, should, if ever done at all, be a *dernière resort*, rarely justifiable, unless there is any thing criminal going on, and a party is deceived.——But this digressive theme must be changed; for it should be told, that Lady Charlevoix had invited down (with Mr. Manners's permission) Lord Famble, a young nobleman, son to the Marquis of ———, and she had communicated this news to Lady Julia, her daughter, with sundry hints, that a better match could not be found for her; the marquis, his father, being rich, old, and gouty, and he the only son. Lady

Julia received the news with perfect complaisance, for she had no objection to have a dozen danglers after her, yet felt that Lord Famble (whom she knew extremely well) was no favourite of her father's, and still less of her's, and therefore a matter of perfect indifference. Now Mr. Manners *had* communicated this fact to Lord Gondola, and he to Mr. Sewell, whose attentions to the viscount's daughter had been incessant, and, to all appearance, not at all unwelcome to this semi-reformed *enfant gaté* of the Ton. However, Lord Famble arrived even before dinner, and it is here, perhaps, proper to give some outlines of him—for a finished portrait is hardly possible, his accomplishments were so many and so *rare*. Lord Famble was but three and twenty, but looked forty; for though he was tall and originally well-shaped, there was a great falling off in personal appearance, (notwithstanding his whiskers were on the war establishment,) owing

to his being the most regular man in this kingdom—in irregularity. In dexterity of driving, (being a member of the whip-club,) he excelled the Bristol-mailcoachman.—In pugilism, he was only one degree inferior to Cribb.—In gaming, he was up to every thing.—In jockeyship, he could outjockey Chiffney at Newmarket.—In drinking, he was a five-bottle man.—In duelling, certain to kill his man, or to let him off by only winging him, as he pleased.—With his mistresses, he had been generous to the last degree, for he had shared three-fourths of a very fine fortune with them, left by his uncle; and, finally, he was one of us—the right sort,—the dandy, the every thing! My lord, who drove down unicorn fashion, for he had a relay upon the road, turned up to the door in the highest style of whippism; and many of the party seeing him pass the lodge-gates, were now on the steps, to witness the dash of his lordship: among them,

was Lady Julia, who really thought it downright charming, and so expressed herself to Mr. Sewell, ever at her elbow.

His lordship no sooner alighted, than he quarrelled with his grooms; swore that the leader wanted a mash, that the near wheel-horse had the grease, and the off one the glanders; bid them to look after those tits, and not the tits in petticoats, or he should rub *them* down.—"Heigh up! Ah, you old fogram, Lady Charlevoix! are you there, with your face like the sun in a fog? Come, tip us your fives! (holding out his hand) Where's the *wi*-count, as you call him, my old duchess! and where is your lady-bird of a daughter? Oh, I see you now, my little minnow; but split me if I could without this quizzer, which I stole from an opera-girl last night. But how are you, Lady Julia Wilhelmina Augusta Charlevoix, as the *wi*countess always *wows* to call you?—Hang me if *I* shall though, it's too much trouble." So saying, he took out

a pocket-flasket, which, after drinking from, he offered to Lady Charlevoix. "Come, have a whet; don't be an old fool! you know you like it! you see *I* don't stand shilley-shallying about *my* cherry-bounce."

"My lord! I don't apprehend you."

"No! I suppose not; nor shall you: but, hang it, don't *sport* sulky! Here, help me off with my upper Benjamin, for I have not the pleasure of knowing —nobody, as you say. Halloo! why, you'll tear my arms off, if you pull so. and then how shall I turn the corner behind Donaldson's, at Brighton? I'll bet a cool thousand, I'll whip a fly off the right ear of the off-leader, on the long trot. Well, I'm cursed hungry; what have ye got for lunch, my old catamaran?"

"My lord! you really make so free, as if you was at home."

"At home! why, so I am; always at home—here, there, and every where!—

But what's the name of this Hall,—some cursed outlandish Gog-something?"

"Gogmagog Hall!" replied Lady Charlevoix.

"But where's Gog? methinks I see a Magog before me: are you sure you are right;—for you always put the cart before the horse, you know? Come, don't frown, Ball! I see I must stroke you down; but if you kick, I'll send you to grass!—*split* me, if I don't!"

By this time Mr. Manners arrived, and welcomed him to his house, introducing him to his company. On seeing Lady Shuffle, his lordship exclaimed, "Ah, my lady! my filly! are *you* here? How long have you broke loose from the Commons? let me see,—did not you bolt? yes! hang me, if you didn't run out of your course; but, never mind, Shuffle is a hearty cock, and one of us."

Her ladyship felt quite agitated at this public, unceremonious, and rough address; but perhaps considered, on a

moment's reflection, it was best to meet it with a laugh, and replied—

"He, he! ha, ha! Well, my Lord Famble! you are a privileged man, and therefore say any thing, and do any thing:—any other civil thing coming? for, you know, I always called you the tom-fool of the company!"

"No, not at present!" replied Lord Famble.

"Well, but you are going to dress yourself, my lord!" said Lady Charlevoix; "put down that hodious whip!"

"Here, then, my glowing Aurora! put it in your bed-room, beside the cherry b—— b——. Well, I'm off; all right—heigh-up!"

"Now, Lady Julia," enquired Mr. Sewell, "what do *you* think of my Lord Famble?"

"Oh! he is the very pink of fashion, —a fine dashing fellow; only——"

"Only what?"

"I suppose *you* don't like him!"

"Me! why should I dislike him? his system and mine, you know, are totally opposite: he don't pay his debts, and I do: he is up to every thing in the *beau monde*, and I am up to nothing of the sort; yet I have no dislike to him, for he never offended me."

"Perhaps he may soon."

"As how?

"Why, he is come down to marry me!"

"Would you have him?

"Why not?"

"That is a matter of taste or inclination, and I can therein be no judge."

"Suppose I ask your advice."

"That would be improper; mine might be partial:—ask your father's."

"I know what his would be,—Why not my mother's?"

"Because, I *fear* it, knowing her ladyship's mode of thinking."

The last dinner-bell now rung, disturbing a tête-à-tête between Lady

Charlevoix and Lord Famble, which, however, had not been a long one, as his lordship much disliked ceremony of any sort, and was naturally very impatient. The match had even been proposed to him by the infatuated mother, and the only reply he made was—" How much down, my old one?" The parent proceeded to evade that question, by saying, " Lady Julia's fortin will reach eight thousand a year, which is no bad thing to look up to, when ——"

" But how much of *the brads* do you put down? d'ye hear?"

" Yes! yes! why, that depends upon the wicount; but, as you will be a marquis, you won't want nothing down, sure? Suppose it is settled on herself; —won't that do?"

" No, to be sure! do you think I'd take that little half-starved looking tit in *break*, without the *mopusses* down? No! curse me if I do! so mind, before starting, we all start fair; none of

your jockeyship; I'm up to you, though you are a deep one: but, put down your stakes, and I'll take her in hand, for I'm cursedly in debt!"——Here they were summoned by the footman to dinner, and his lordship was placed next to Lady Julia, to whom, however, his attentions were of the oddest description; calling her, his tight little filly! young colt! young cub! said she was as timid as a hare, cunning as a fox, shy as a partridge, gaudy as a pheasant; her tongue, like a race-horse's legs, going five miles in five minutes; she wanted rubbing down,—admired her fetlocks,—said he saw how old she was last grass by her teeth! recommended that dish of maccaroni, as a good mash for girls,—and so on, in the very best-bred style of *tonish* freedom. "But how did your last rout come on? Eh! the knowing ones taken in! Eh? I saw the lights blazing through the windows, though you did send your card—to

postpone—eh ?" (Lady Julia bit her lip). "Come, don't be down in the mouth! *I* know all about it; but, I say, was not that walking Sun Fire-office there, your mother, in an eclipse? how did she get rid of all the lemonade? Physicked the servants with it, I suppose,—eh? Does Sewell, your poetical Cicisbeo, really mean to publish his poem on it, with this title, 'The Naked Rout; or, Charlevoix-House in an uproar?'"

"Lord Famble! you are very provoking! and, pray, who told you?"

"Why, your servant Tom told it, in confidence, to Lady Fiddle-Faddle's maid: she told it to Sir Harry Buzzard, who is thought to ——; but no matter for that; well, he told it, in confidence, to the marchioness's housekeeper, whom he admires, and she to her ladyship's first footman; he to the lady's own maid; from her to the butler, whom she is in love with: and so it got to the current

whisper, then to the current report, and then it became currently believed all over the town! but, don't pout so, you fool! you know it will be all forgot in two days;—there'll be a crim con case soon, which steeps all the rest in Lethe, for that swallows up all,—with dearme's! Oh law's! Good gracious! and Who'd have thought it? and sundry other exclamatory and interrogatory expressions, meaning——just what you will, in the Republic of Babbonery, of which I am one. But I find I have all the talk to myself. Can't you make yourself agreeable, Juley? Have *you* got the mumps?—Well, I see how it is,—I suppose I must here talk to you,—then here goes, a la Charlevoix, Diwine empress of my soul! I wow that your wirtues have struck me to the wery witals; your ways is wery wigilant, for you have no wacuity of mind, but what wanity may fill up each moment,—deign to behold me, bright Wenus! and in thus wiolating, by this sudden wisit, the wictory which may have been won by that we-

teran Sewell: when you cast upon me those wisual smiles my woracity of love demanded, I naturally became wiolently in love, notwithstanding that gentleman——But I see you are frowning, and the old dragon there ready to devour me——I suppose we are overheard?——"

"*We?* my Lord Famble! *you* have hitherto had all the talk to yourself, and may enjoy it in future too; for after the intrusion of *such* conversation, (if it may be so called,) which you have had the audacity to utter in my presence, I shall treat it, and the author of it, with silent contempt."

"Bravo! well done! what, in heroics? on the high ropes? eh! but it won't do; you can't fib me, I'm up to snuff;—why your mother wants me to be your lord and master, and you, to become Marchioness of ——— in miniature.—I can't stand making love all day,—say you won't have me, and I'm off; for, don't you know, you little foal, that your dam

with the full moon face wants *my* title, and I want *your* blunt, which does not seem disposeable. So now, only say, no! and then we shall be as comfortable as ever."

"No! then," said Lady Julia.

"Bravo, my little tight one! thank ye though for your spirit and honesty, [illegible]quality I never suspected you of inheriting, on the maternal side at least.—Wine with you—as a friend!"

"With all my heart."

"Mrs. Sewell elect! your health; many little Sewells to you, and health to them when they come. I say, Sewell, my buck! I beg pardon, if I have put you on a bed of tortures, by engrossing all Lady Julia's negative powers so long; her active ones, I find, are reserved for you; I sha'nt call you out, though."

"Thank ye, my lord!" replied Mr. Sewell, "we are very comfortable at present, and we'll take the air some other time—Wine with your lordship?"

"With all my heart, sir!"

"Have you been making love? my lord! for, by what you expressed, I judged so."

"Why, yes! I did try my hand in a little, but it won't do: I'm out of practice, can't bring up. She's got the whip-end of me, though the long Southampton-coach there, (looking at Lady Charlevoix,) set me a going. I must give in, —a fair trial though must say. Courtship is d——d troublesome;—sparring with the muffles is twice as good. Will you have a turn after dinner?—'tis the finest dessert in the world, and better than the virtues of cabbage, after three bottles, to restore one's knowledge-*box*."

"If you will excuse me, my lord! I shall be glad; for I never was in practice yet!"

"What! never at the Fives?—not intimate with CRIB, CARTER, RICHMOND, and the *Fancy?* Lord, help ye!—What do you do with yourself?—never

at Moulsey Hurst—the arena of heroism?"

"Never, my lord! really, I have not had time."

"Ha! ha! I see your studies and mine are different: your forte is quite piano, —pianissimo. Books and belles, not Fives and Hells;—well, there's no accounting for taste!"

In the mean time, Lady Caloric, seated next to Mr. Ferrers, expatiated upon those pursuits which she ventured to suppose might be eligible for him as a cognoscenti, and which she had not the smallest doubt he would become, *as* he had so good a taste in selecting Miss Melville.

"That does not follow, my lady! there is a difference between a mummy and a Melville,—a fossilled skeleton and a living Venus. I hope to be so occupied in family affairs, as to leave all such to virtuosos."

"True, Mr. Ferrers! but what would

become of the arts, if all were to be of your way of thinking? Do you know, I am about to become a book-worm,— I have been reading Dibdin's black-letter transactions: their perusal has made me enamoured of old ballads and old books. I have certainly a black-letter passion coming on, which I dread; for it is so expensive, ten times worse than marbles and mummies; for our earls and lords having been bit—buy up all they meet with."

"More shame for them," cried Mr Ferrers, "in raking up all this trash from the charnel-house of literature, instead of encouraging our living artists at home, to rival the foreign ones in sculpture, painting, and engraving. To the disgrace of this country, a national literary work, if costly, is sure to ruin the publisher: whereas the splendid works of France receive encouragement both there and here; yes!—such are here, at last, reduced to the *derniere resort* of

three-guinea lotteries, as might be lately witnessed in the British Gallery, the Shakespeare Gallery, the Bowyer Gallery, and so on. Pray, my Lady Caloric, do not you give way to this vitiated mode of feeding a false taste! What are the generality of these black-letter books when acquired? So much rubbish, and but the mere possession of them is the only pleasure that can be found therein."

"Well, sir!" said Lady Caloric, "it may be so; a friend of mine has another *penchant*, he is in possession of sixty pasted folio volumes of quack advertisements; he takes all the bills that are handed in the streets, and those stitched in the magazines; why he would not part with one of Martin Van Butchell's for fifty pounds, for which he has spoilt a set of the Morning Chronicle, by cutting them out;—another collects all the lottery-bills,—another all the caricatures,—another tradesmen's cards,—another is a turnpike-ticket fancier,—an-

other, all the halter ropes of all that have been under the hands of Jack Ketch,—another, of Grammont's beauties,—this of Rembrandt's plates,—that of Reuben's pictures,—t'other of old china tea-pots, —one of old stained glass,—another of snuff-boxes,—another of old tapestry,—others in cast horse-shoes, which are lucky,—children's cauls ditto, and so on; surely there must a pleasure in such, or these propensities would not exist in men of sense and erudition, and in the first people in the land too!"

"In my mind, my lady! they might employ their time and wealth better; let authors and artists, their own countrymen, be encouraged; let them form an establishment upon a more liberal scale than the Literary Fund, which has certainly meant well and done good; yet how many writers are now pining in want, who should be administered to *in secresy!* Those who suffer and endure *in silence*, and have too that innate

pride which cannot stoop to solicit. How many are there of this description, who, to get their works printed at all, in these days, are obliged to give the publisher half the fruits of their labours? Nor are the publishers, perhaps, to blame, whose capitals will not permit them to invest the paper and print, without such interest. Let, therefore, a committee (of those who would be really patrons of literature) help these poor devils over the stile, who are mostly too unbefriended, and too poor, and too sensitive, to do it themselves."

"Mr. Ferrers! I perfectly accord with you in all this; but, pray, only look at my little cameos, which have astonished even the Dilletanti Society." So saying, the green velvet bag was as usual ransacked, to the great dismay of him who was just then thinking of a living jewel in Clifford House, whom he much wished to possess. However, the inspection was gone through with all due decorum

and politeness, and some admiration expressed, although it was problematical, whether he did not look at the dexter side of these most valuable gems; indeed the fact is certain, for a head of Silenus he called a glorious Apollo, a Diana he called a Bacchante, a Jupiter Vulcan, and Vulcan Jupiter; Cæsar was Caligula, and Caligula somebody else; for when the mind is roving, the oddest mistakes will occur, as did to the late Lord ———, who got to the Upper House full of the anticipated debate, but had forgot to put his stockings on, which, when pointed out and a pair produced, were then both put upon one leg, so that his, the peer's memory, that day had not a leg to stand on. It would be very amusing to have a volume collected of the erratic transactions of lovers, where they walk into rivulets, as Petrarch did while thinking on his Laura, and committing sundry other fooleries, perfectly natural in such a state. Lady Caloric, however,

in her passion for antiques, being equally imbued with its extravaganza, still held forth to a deaf ear, and to an eye that bent itself on vacancy, for

The fate of love is such,
That still it sees too little or too much.

In the mean time, Lord Gondola and Mr. Caustic were entertaining themselves on certain bookish topics of the day. Now it had happened, that in this literary, but more than Lucretian jumble, (that inconsistent farrago constantly quoted, never believed,) that Mr. Caustic's politics were not over-congenial with Lord Gondola's, and his mediocre-courtly poetry still less so; and, for reasons before stated, his prose (for he was amazingly voluminous) no way accordant with Lord Gondola's creed; yet Caustic's literary *party* was the same as his lordship's; for the latter being too high to be assaulted, *he* was, therefore, sycophanted and prosed over in many

many a complimentary page, *usque ad nauseam*, destined to fill the publisher's Review, who, also, was the proprietor of their mutual productions. Thus may their intimacy be accounted for; for they each sipped coffee and ate crisped biscuits at the conversazione of him who ushers whole battalions of books into the market each season, with his simple name at the bottom. Lord Gondola had now begun to be fastidious as to these eternal *ruses des guerres*, these puffs, direct, collateral, and oblique, in every variation of the compass, from review here and magazine four hundred miles distant, by way of diversion, in which the admiration of his friends, and the approving (ghastly) grin of his secret enemies, were for ever displayed; so that the press groaned with the odd mixture of antijacobinism and its puffing, and puffs of every description beside.

"Pray, Caustic!" said Lord Gondola,

"is it not possible, then, to have a literary review free from those degrading qualities, which now usurp it wholly? Why should a work, avowedly one thing, be suborned into bulls of invective of every sort; and thus shewing its slavishness, like the Anti-Jacobin Examiner of old?"

"My lord! the times require it."

"Yes; the old plea! existing circumstances! the nature of the times! and so on,—I suppose you mean?"

"Certainly, my lord! for which we have enlisted all the talent we could procure, particularly those, who, having drank at the fountain-head, not of Parnassus, but of power, are again a-thirst, and who, therefore, are quite certain to leap over those Rubicons and boundaries which were once lines of demarcation; for in these times,—(psha!)—for in these times, jacobinism must be rooted out, and it cannot be so well done as in this way, which, involving literature, and re-

ligion, and politics, in the same budget, *we* uphold, therefore, and defend the whole: we fasten upon certain scribes, and defend our own pharisees, and then, by the wholesale distribution of that most grand specific of all others, CANT, not only crush the monster, but grease our own chariot-wheels, to ride over the dead Hectors. You see I am honest, my lord! The very combats, therefore, in which we now engage, are novel, and peculiar; under the head of a review of a pamphlet, or a volume of poems, for instance, we give our own creed, beginning and ending with church and king!—a new mode, which, as long as the public is satisfied with, so long it must be pursued; for it *pays* at any rate, and that is the only end we can be in pursuit of you know, my lord!"

"And in doing this," remarked Lord Gondola, "you have to encounter the hisses and groans of your contemporaries? the indignation of those whom

you have maligned, instead of pursuing your pretended literary avocations? and, hereafter, your works, like your prototype Anti-jacobin Magazine and Review, appearing on stalls; for they have strutted and fretted their hour on the stage, being all temporary, instead of their being or having any chance of becoming—in the hearts and heads of Englishmen—monuments more durable than brass?"

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof! Surely, my lord! in *our* circle such things are never perspectived; and you must know it,—if our fidelity is——"

"Slavery! say."

"What you will! If our slavery then is rewarded,—as it is, the argument is against you, and for us. Why, see how easy our associates sit in their arm-chairs, in their country and town houses, writing on the poor-laws,—*for* the corn-bill,—for saving-banks,—for loyalty! If it is not *otium cum dignitate*, it is an *otium*, at any rate, and that is enough."

" Caustic, hear me! As long as you are thus open, and becoming prosy and very common-place, and, as I may add, honest in the avowal of your dishonesty, I less fear for you; the cloven-foot is so plain, that another £1000. a year, I see, would make you unwrite all you have written, unsay all you have said, and un-think what is so easily brought forth by the golden rule, not of Pythagoras, but of Cocker! that is your needle,—polar star,—that which pilots you in your voyage to the golden coast, and may hereafter, with due subserviency, land you among that incurable people, who are clothed in robes of ermine and scarlet, and who never could be taught to burst through the well-paid, but the pernicious cant of indiscriminate loyalty."

" My case is not without precedent, my lord!"

" Your pen is!"

" Granted;—we fight in a new field;

the times call for new weapons,—torpedos! catamarans! hell-fire engines!"

"What, at your *cant* again?"

"We must keep our hand in, for our enemies increase, and, I fear, our usual weapons will not do much longer; we get laughed at, as pigmy champions, under false colours; but, however, we are determined to excommunicate, sap, undermine, put down, all obstacles to the advancement of —— ourselves!"

"Bravo, Caustic! you are getting honourably candid! you will be read out."

"Hush, my lord! 'tis *entre nous;* I only whispered; do not betray me, for *if* you did, I should not acknowledge it: we acknowledge nothing,—eat our own words, being detected in inconsistency and falsehood,—a thing of no moment, as you must have seen."

"I have, and so has all the world; when do you mean to leave off?"

"When we have pocketed enough!"

"Is this the creed of all your *coterie*: —the Merry-Andrew, the placeman, and the Tyler of your lodge, &c.?"— "Spare your enumeration; it is thus with us all:——"

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold!
Gold! that will make black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant!
Ha, you gods! why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads!
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions: bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; *place thieves,*
And give them title, knee, and approbation.
With senators on the bench.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee?
Thou no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee. Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No: let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where gain may follow feigning.

SHAKSPEARE.

"HAD Shakspeare, my lord," continued Mr. Caustic, "lived in these days, we should have issued an *ex officio* against him as a libeller, for he has dared to tell a deal of *truth;* and it is since his days that this very gold, just spoken of, has turned some men's wits *so*, as to pronounce truth a libel; and, if we could not get him convicted, why he would, all the days of his life after, be called 'an acquitted felon,' as one of

our legitimate senators very ingeniously called such in the House."

"Well, well, Caustic! but how can you feel in the company of Mr. Sewell and Mr. Fentum? The first, you know, you have reason to fear, for he will not forget his injuries, and his prospects are bright with Lady Julia Charlevoix: and, as to the latter, he has so amply returned the *coup de grace* on you, that you are absolutely mangled."

"As to the latter, the victory you say he has obtained, it does not tell, and for this reason:—He is an infidel; and, while he openly avows it, which he does every week, I can take advantage of him; for, though I have no more religion than he has, yet I profess to have; and to believe in what one don't practise still answers with the world, you know; and, what with the usual allowance of cant beside, I am more than quits with him, especially when any of his poetry comes forth, for he could not

delight us more; for then, my friend the placeman, lays on him unmercifully, and all his school. In prose, I confess, he is acute; a good reasoner, but quaint; and, as he is not yet bought up, and the town aware of it, he has some weight. As for Mr. Sewell, that half-fledged bird of the Parnassian paradise, his wings have been pretty well clipped by me already; he will not soar in his second attempt; for, between us, my lord! I know his subject, and am already prepared for him, for we keep exordiums ready cut and dry, as prefatory to our individual critique; how else could a review, of ten articles, mostly published by one man, the proprietor of those articles and the review also, be made to fill up a volume, which it now becomes, and a very bulky one too?—But, as for this same Sewell, who was very sarcastic to me, and whose bias I dislike, we are at issue, though upon apparent terms. Surely, my Lord Char-

levoix will never condescend to have a Jacobin son-in-law!—one, in the House, voting against ministry, and the father-in-law for:—It is impossible! I never can believe the Charlevoix family can descend——"

"What! Lady Charlevoix and her daughter *descend*, did you say?"

"In rank, my lord! for that is all in all! you know."

"Your creed is too rank, Mr. Caustic! and, with respect to Mr. Sewell, it is worse than futile: he will adorn the family, and not it him; and, what is more, he is *my* friend! I honour and admire him, will protect and succour him, will fight, write, do every thing for him, even against a club of tyrants, who would crush and ruin a youth for ever, who never gave them, personally, literary, or politically, any offence. This war of your's against free discussion is perfect madness; for, open argument, divested of personality, (which,

however, *you* always adopt,) is a better safeguard for England than an army of five hundred thousand men! While the press is free, this country will prosper, must prosper: curtail that, and then enter a military despotism, and then—the horrors of a revolution. But, as to my friend Sewell, I fling down the glove of defiance at ye all!"

"My lord! I was not aware that he stood so high with your lordship,—that he was so protected—"

"For shame! Then, because he is so protected, you withdraw your persecution! These party and coalition strides must and shall fall short! Literature shall not be so degraded; and I will, once for all, withdraw myself from a cabal, which is both weak and jesuitical. No honour emanates from your laudatory critiques, and they have misled me: my very weaknesses have been glorified, and my faults extenuated: you've praised what you ought to condemn,

and *vice versa;*—in short, your pens are dipt in the black ink-horn of corruption, where candour and truth form no part of the ingredients. I'll have done with you: the name of Gondola shall no more bolster up, like a magic charm, your eff- or con-fusions, worse than Babel's. since those builders wore no masks, but ye do, to every one's conviction."

This dialogue was here interrupted by a large packet of M.S.S. being delivered to Mr. Caustic, who begged allowance to retire into the library, as the case was urgent.

In the mean time, Lady Julia and Sewell, as they were separated at table, exchanged glances, and this was their occupation: while her mother and Lady Shuffle were whispering certain plots against the honour of this interloper in the viscount's family, and finally adjusted that the committee should sit in the evening, with the addition of Miss Grace Gaskin, and that two should be a

quorum! Mr. Sowerby and Mr. Melville were enjoying the unspeakable pleasure which they anticipated in seeing others made happy; for, if there is a greater portion of allotted felicity to some above others, 'tis in this capability of being useful; whereas the general tenor of our appreciating wherein happiness consists, seems to be that pernicious one, where self is all in all.

We barbarously call those bless'd,
Who are of largest tenements possess'd,
While swelling coffers break their owners' rest.
More truly happy those that can
Govern the little empire, Man;
Bridle their passions, and direct their will,
Through all the glitt'ring truths of charming ill:
Who, in a fix'd unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate.

The viscount, Lady Julia's father, and Mr. Fentum, were discussing the propriety of that lady's accepting Mr. Sewell's hand; but here there was little to be said, for the father had made up his mind al-

ready in his favour, and the philosophic patriot (for such we must call him) added fresh arguments why it should be so,—and he did it so unaristocratically, that he made the noble lord smile. He said, "Every homage ought certainly to be paid to gold and silver sticks, grooms of the stole, and of the bed-chamber. grand cross baths, and kaleidoscope decorations on the persons of automata. those certain necessary puppets, which must be moved about, here and there, up and down, forward and backward. as all experience told: he thought that certain illustrious gentlemen, particularly if they were portly and corpulent, (for then they would shew more orders than the lean kine of that legitimate king Pharoah,) did really look very pretty, and marvelled that the order of the Rat has not yet been established—for that animal is a sagacious one, is amphibious, so is a courtier!—very cunning, so is a courtier!—very nibbling

and hungry, ditto!—goes through dirty work, ditto!—will even dabble at cheese-parings and candles' ends,—a complete Rat! If, therefore, there is already more resemblance to that quadruped than to saints, why not let their effigies be embossed upon the badges—for the majority?" He complimented the viscount upon his title, and complimented him also upon the non-antiquity of his noble descent, as it was an expensive incumbrance to keep up in coats of arms, new quarterings, &c. and providing (by sundry bows to the minister) for sixty or seventy seventieth cousins by places—as clerks, harbour-masters, tide-waiters, collectors, receivers, and surveyors of places they have never seen, and in countries only known by the map, for the benefit of their own *victualling-offices*, as the *fancy* call it. He also thought that so many letters following a peer's name, becomes somewhat like a jumbled alphabet, as is witnessed in that

of Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington, viz.
K. G. G. C. B. K. G. F. K. S. F. K. M. T. K. S. G. K. B. E. K. S. K. T. S. K. W. K. E. K. C. R. K. F. D. C. L.
So that a considerable stock of knowledge is required to solve these enigmatical cyphers. Upon the whole, he imagined Lady Julia Sewell might sound as well as a much longer and more ancient one; for the Chathams and Camdens of this generation are not the Chathams and Camdens of the older time. But he added, also, that he much wondered how his daughter should so all at once alter from her frivolous and haughty habits to those of moderation and decency!

"Why, it *is* odd; I cannot think she is capable of being in love; she has, or had, no heart: I hardly ever saw a spark of tenderness about her,—so immersed in pride and folly has she been. This young man pays her great attention, while he seemingly pays her none; he

always contradicts her when she is wrong, looks cold, cross, and sour,---but, when right, his eyes lighten up with such a thankful satisfaction to her, that his approval now becomes every thing, and this new and odd way of courting, I suppose, has done it; besides, he is very clever, with an excellent character, and handsome person. My lady has brought down Lord Famble to pay his addresses to her, which I was aware of, though done without consulting me; but I know his lordship; that match will never do. I assure you, Fentum! it gives me considerable trouble to baulk my lady's machinations: she is so full of intrigue, and I have just now perceived Lady Shuffle and her so very intimate, that I am puzzled to find out what's next in the wind?"

The ladies now left the room; and Mr. Manners proposed a bumper-toast to the happiness of two young gentlemen in the room, about to be tied for life,---which was drank with *eclat*.

Mr. Ferrers returned thanks like a gentleman and a scholar; but to those near him, Mr. Manners and Mr. Melville, he could only add,—by pressing their hands, words not being at call to express what he felt.

Mr. Sewell was, however, covered with confusion: he knew Mr. Manners was incapable of sporting with his feelings; but this publicity of announcement quite staggered him: he was about to thank, and apologize, but he was interrupted by the viscount—

"Take, sir!" addressing Mr. Sewell, "this additional assurance from me, that *I*, for one, most fervently drink that toast; my friendship for you is not unknown to most now present; but to those who are ignorant of it, I announce that Mr. Sewell's union with my daughter I fondly look to,—expect, nay, shall take place, as soon as the parties themselves choose."

Lord Famble got upon a chair with

his glass. "Mr. Sewell! my rival that was to be, I drink your health, and that of Lady Julia, for I see she is yours; and though I'm a mad devil, as the girls call me, *here* I am sincere. So God bless you, my boy! But, gentlemen! (he continued) in what language but that of the Houghwnyms shall I describe the mortification, the dismay, the wery wiolent hagitation of the wicountess, at Lady Julia Wilhelmina Augusta Carolina Gorgiana, and all the other inas and anas, Charlevoix, not being a marchioness, after being Lady Famble? How wicious (will she wow) you all are, who can thus wiolate all the rules of 'blood,' and her wengeance will surely light upon ye all. So, look to yourselves, for I can't protect you—I'm off to morrow for Newmarket."

Mr. Sewell here got up, and most politely thanked the company for their kind wishes; but the debt he owed to the noble viscount for his partiality,

he felt, never could be repaid, but by a life of proper attention to her, whom he did now aspire to with confidence, and whom it should be his hourly study to make truly happy; and he added, that he hoped in due time Lady Charlevoix, also, would be his friend.

Mr. Melville made some excellent observations upon the danger of unequal alliances, because the frailty of human nature is never taken into account; but where wisdom is, such exceptions disappeared. With great submission to Lord Charlevoix, he did think, that if his daughter married a man of equal rank, and therefore, as a matter of course, a man of fashion, who is rarely or never a sedentary, thinking, domestic character, it is ten to one but their own united follies would be their ruin; for the glare and dash of a new acquisition of fortune has, before now, turned the heads of older people than such!

Mr. Fauconberg coincided in this re-

mark, and added, that there was such a nameless fascination in being admitted to the highest circles, that hence a habit was superinduced, that tended to destroy the domestic comforts of life. He congratulated Mr. Sewell on his flattering prospects; but told him, he should carefully watch his conduct, which, however, he was pretty well assured, would not require it.

Lord Gondola said he would answer for him; and observed, it was high time somebody should be responsible for him, as he was now upon the *move* up stairs. "Upon my word, gentlemen! though to talk of one's self *is* fashionable, I must candidly declare, that I have felt much less *ennui* lately,—the secret is, my time has been so taken up; and, I dare say, Mr. Sowerby feels the same: he has been principal grand conspirator in the matter of Melville and Ferrers, and there he sits triumphant, crowned with a

peaceful laurel, which will (for it is the best of night-caps) make his rest easy by night, and his head and heart comfortable by day. For myself, my fatigues have really been endless,—courting the viscount's daughter, to release Mr. Ferrers; then treacherously deserting her, that Mr. Sewell might fill my place. Positively this has been no little task, and, as we seem to have accomplished it, Mr. Sow-Sourby-Sowerby,—what's your name?—I think we may go on with the claret, and so make a purple libation to Hymen, invoking him to be propitious to the young folks."

Mr. Melville expressed his obligations to the company, and particularly to Lord Gondola.

"No, Mr. Melville! you owe me none: I received lessons from a certain Quaker, which went to prove, that idleness is the parent of selfishness and vice; I became busy, and have been happy in consequence."

Thus passed the hour, when the feast of reason and the flow of soul are elicited; when friendship becomes more renewed, and the literary stores of each possessor are poured forth without curb or restraint; when conversation takes its sprightliest form, and all is gaiety; and such was ever wont to dwell in Gogmagog Hall, whose host had a heart broad and liberal: he was none of those

—— Hollow men, like horses hot in hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial!

No! *his* doors were open to literary men; he did not spend his treasure on moth-eaten books, and then sepulchred them in splendid libraries, until cobwebbed, yet suffered living native genius to pine and starve!

In the interim, Lady Shuffle, Lady Charlevoix, and Miss Grace Gaskin, had,

in a corner of the music-room, a tête-à-tête, which ran thus:—

"As that there Sewell," said Lady Charlevoix, "seems such a favourite, let's learn something about his crackter; he's, like other men, I suppose, no better than he should be; now, if any thing could be found out adwerse to his repitation, then I'm sure the wicount would dismiss him."

"Extremely well observed, your ladyship!" said Miss Gaskin; "and, I am sure, I should be glad to be of service to you in such a cause; for——"

"My dear Miss Grace Glass-skin! you oblige me."

"Gaskin,—my lady!"

"Oh, aye! I always forgets names; you'd very much oblige me, and Charlevoix-House is open to you the whole thirteen months of the year."

"Oh dear, my lady! you are very kind!"

Lady Shuffle then observed, "You, Miss Gaskin! always visited at Dr.

Godfrey's, where this Sewell was brought up; did you never hear any thing? that is——"

"Why, yes! yes!" said Miss Grace, "but it's a secret; and if I was sure it wouldn't go farther, I would tell; but I rely upon Lady Charlevoix's honour."

"You may indeed, indeed, Miss Gas-Gascoyne!"

"Well, then,—I am ashamed to say it, —but Dr. Godfrey had a maid, and—— and—— Mr. Sewell and her were supposed to ——; but, however, the poor girl was turned away!"

"Oh, oh!" said Lady Shuffle, "that is enough;—so, so, Lady Charlevoix! this is the base deceiver you are to have for a son-in-law?—pretty doings!"

"And where is the unfortunate wictim to his wile wickedness?" said Lady Charlevoix.

"I don't know that," replied Miss Grace; "I never heard what he did with her."

"I'll bet a guinea," said Lady Shuffle, "that is the young woman, whom old Mr. Sowerby (who is a friend of this Mr. Sewell) went to take some money to one morning; for he never would divulge what took him there. Don't you remember, Miss Gaskin? it was about the time you went into fits, and Mr. Ferrers was hid, watching what we might say; for he too is another friend,—the *Misters* all hang together here! don't they, my lady?"

"Yes!" said Lady Charlevoix, "there can't be no doubt of that; but 'tis all plain:—I pity the poor girl that he seducified; but she shall be affronted face to face,—and then let him deny it, if he can. My daughter may be another wictim to his wiolence; there is no knowing no man, is there, Miss Galligaskin?"

"Gaskin, my lady!"

"Oh, ah, yes! pardon me; but, what a wretch! and only take notice how conferently he talks to Lady Julia Wilhel-

mina Augusta Charlevoix, my daughter, as if he was a wirtuous crackter; and Mrs. Falconbridget,—or whatever else is her name, even listening to him; and Lady Choleric too, with her old qwines, and her images of the old antients: but I'll soon put 'em all to the route; let me alone,—as soon as the wicount comes up,—poor easy old fool!"

As it happened, the gentlemen had that minute deserted their bottle, and now entered the music-room, with the viscount. Lady Charlevoix then marched up to Mr. Sewell, and addressed him thus:—"Sir! this tragic farce has been played too long, and I am quite at a wonderment at your daring to thrust yourself into the pure and noble presence of Lady Julia Wilhelmina Augusta Charlevoix!—you! who must have rose from the scum of the town, to have acted as you have!—how dare you to pollute with your touch the wirtue of her, who is as chaste as the hisicle that hangs at

the bottom of the spouts! You!—you deceiver! monster! seducer! plot a young woman's ruin, and then leave her to the parish, without paying the 30*l.*!—Pray, how many children have you had, sir?"

The company were thunderstruck at this public charge, made by her ladyship; but Mr. Sewell was petrified, and Lady Julia turned pale.

"Ah! you may well look foolish: wice always does when detected, though bold enough else. Come, sir! defend yourself; for no longer shall the pollution of your fingers cantaminate my spotless daughter!"

"My lady!" replied Mr. Sewell, "the indecorum of addressing me thus publicly——"

"Don't tell me about decorum, since you lost all wiew of it and wirtue too, with the poor deserted woman you abandoned!"

"Will you hear me, Lady Charlevoix?"

"Well, sir! what *can* you say? Do you think your larning shall save you from the wicount's rewenge for the insult put upon his daughter, by your daring to offer for her noble hand? No! my lord and husband, though he *has* acted so base a part to us, I will forgive, as he is but a poor weak-headed man, and doesn't know what is good for the family, when he would close routing, and marry his girl off to such scum!"

"Lady Charlevoix!" said Mr. Sewell, "I feel much hurt, that I am destined to bear your ill-will. What I have to say is, that, *if* all you have asserted were true, this is not the mode in which you should bring forward your charges: but, since you have, and before this company, I will reply in three words, and say—they are false!"

"I think, my lady mother!" said Lady Julia, "you need not make yourself so ridiculous about these trifles. besides, Mr. Sewell says they are false."

"Trifles, indeed! Oh! I see he has converted your judgment with his false flattering tongue."

Lord Charlevoix now stept forward, —"I have witnessed this scene with astonishment. I know and feel it is all false: but, for the sake of regularity, madam! (speaking to his wife,) you will be pleased to retire with me and Mr. Sewell:" which was accordingly done: and, as the evidence of Miss Gaskin was necessary, she was also sent for, who confirmed the fact, that Mr. Sewell had so conducted himself at Dr. Godfrey's.

Lord Charlevoix instantly despatched a note to Dr. Godfrey, at the parsonage; which not being far off, and the courier on horseback being swift, soon brought the following reply:

"My dear lord!

"There was, in former times, an accident of this sort in our family, and the aggressor was *a* Mr. Sewell: but our young and mutual friend, then with me, was about nine years old! too young, I apprehend, for even suspicion. The real culprit was an usher, who afterwards married the girl. But my pupil's non-age shall not *alone* excuse him; for, believe me, I know no young man of so moral and religious a character, as he who was my scholar, is now my friend, and, I trust, ever will be that of.

"My lord!

"Your lordship's most obedient servant,

"PHILIP GODFREY."

This reply was now taken into the music-room, and read aloud, *pro bono publico*. The sensitive Miss Grace Gas-

kin begged to retire. My Lady Charlevoix retired too; but it was at the suggestion of her husband, who whispered in her ear, "When you know how to conduct yourself, you may return!" He then addressed Lady Shuffle—"Pray, my lady! what could possibly be the motive with you to interfere thus, and to administer to the deplorable weakness of that infatuated woman? But beware! I have already watched you, and was prepared for something of the sort, and shall watch you still further; for, if you will (without cause) thus lend yourself, I shall hear of you a second time, no doubt."

"My lord!" replied Lady Shuffle, "you need not shew any of your important airs toward me; *I* am not your wife!"

"No! thank God for that blessing!" replied Lord Charlevoix, and walked away.

Mr. Sewell was now complimented

by all upon his acquittal. Lord Famble declared, he was quite in pain for the young gentleman's virtue, which *might* have had a lapse; owned, if *he* had thus been called to account, &c.—But he was checked by Mr. Manners, as his lordship generally said too much. Lady Julia was more indignant than any one, and (very oddly, but) freely declared, that *she* should not visit such sins capitally, even were they committed, because Mr. Sewell had never seen *her* until lately, and, as she was herself the best court of appeal, she freely forgave him all his peccadilloes, without confession.

"Generously said," replied Mr. Sewell; "*but*, as it happens, I am sure of forgiveness in this way, being void of offence."

Mr. Sowerby commented pretty loudly on Lady Shuffle's interference, which that lady very adroitly retorted, by asking him, "what he was about,

at the cottage of Jenkins, with his daughter? a very pretty woman too!"

"That you can ask of both father and daughter, for the former will be here to-morrow morning, at ten, with the letters and newspapers; and the latter is below, in this house, for she is Mr. Manners's dairy-woman."

Music, however, cards, and other amusements, now filled up; but, more than all, the rallying and harmonising powers of Lord Gondola aided to end the evening pleasantly. Lady Charlevoix re-appeared,—Mr. Sewell held out his hand to her, which she refused. Lady Julia insisted upon her reconciliation, but in vain. Supper ended, and all retired; for night's sable curtain had now been drawn o'er half the world.

The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down (some say) by ladies eyes;
The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight:

(Mysterious veil of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade,)
And in the night as freely shone,
As if her rays had been her own:
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories us'd t'appear;
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
While sleep the wearied world reliev'd
By counterfeiting death reviv'd;
For night's the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind.

But Mr. Ferrers did that night venture to break all injunctions by writing to Miss Melville, and, what is new, a father had consented to carry a love-letter to his daughter. It is not possible to repeat all that a lover could or would say; for earth, seas, and skies, are all ransacked for appropriate imagery in such a case; none, however, but a Rousseau could have penned such a letter, and it is, we have often thought, most astonishing, that the citizen of Geneva—he, the most selfish of mankind, should have been able to express, as he has done, the

language of love better than all his precursors, contemporaries, or successors. Mr. Ferrers, however, felt what *he* wrote; and there is a certain poetical eloquence in love known to some, and cherished by the mutual parties, though, perhaps, unappreciable by others. But the reason of this may be, because, in this age of *crim. con.*, so many of these sort of ardent effusions have been read in public court, that the relish for these genuine effusions of the soul becomes torpid;—lovers *now* evidently study their phrases, know the exact weight of each exclamation of *oh!* and *ah!* and where to place them to the best advantage: whereas those *were* most genuine that came direct from the soul, without these rules of art, such as, "My ever dear! dear! dearest Mary!"—and "your's for ever, and ever, and ever,"—and "My ever dear and adored angel!"—and so on, strongly indicative of intense feeling,—when sixty or se-

venty miles apart. Now, if his grace of——, who is a great *collector*, were to leave off buying missals and Italian rarities, and was to collect all these records of fervid passion, (putting his own among them,) *such a portfolio!* would, at any future day, not only shew the tender passion as it existed, but would be a most valuable thing for the hammer of a future CHRISTIE! It might be contended by superficial people, that these would not read near so well as LITTLE's Epistles!—Good! so far as mere reading goes; but, then, what lover writes his letters in odes, in this sort of beautiful versification, which betray some study, and a mind also that is *capable* of some study; whereas royal and noble letter-writers, when the fever of love is upon them, write in the genuine natural style of their thinking and habits, and shew, as they ought to shew, all the charming violations of sense, grammar, and spelling,—those sure indications that *they* are

in love. We could adduce many instances that have occurred within this thirty years, which might be called *valuable* letters, since many of them cost the writers (by their interception) between ten and twenty thousand pounds! —large sums, it must be owned, for such small portions of manuscript. Now, let us not be misunderstood: these observations are not cynically made on the frailties of human nature, but for the purpose, *only*, of defining how true love is, or may be, expressed, for it is in vain to suppose people would write thus, and pay so much, without being in earnest!

But to leave this digression.—Mr. Ferrers wrote to Miss Melville that night, before he put on his night-cap, and then resigned himself to the care of Morpheus.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Of comfort no man speak;
Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs!
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth.

RICHARD II.

LORD Gondola, on the ensuing morning, was abroad with the lark, and was both surprised and afflicted at the receipt of the following note:

"Friend Gondola!

"The hand of affliction is upon me: come, and share my grief, if thy sympathies will allow thee:—if not, thou wilt still not offend; but if thou feelest for my sufferings, as I would be-

lieve, come!—for verily my soul is sorrowful even unto death.

"Thy assured friend,

"EPHRAIM CAPPER."

His lordship immediately wrote, in reply, that he would be at Fairthorne in two hours. He then drest himself, and repaired to Sewell's chamber, who was at study:—"My dear young friend! I must leave you for a short time. Read this—(handing him the letter)—be careful of your steps, for I am anxious for your welfare; watch the machinations of the adverse party; be all in all to Lady Julia! Mould her to virtue, and my best wishes attend you;—let me know if aught material occurs, so shall I hasten to your assistance;—my dear young friend! adieu!"

"Oh! my lord! your friendship overwhelms me with gratitude; gladly would I accompany you on this visit of sorrow; for it is very fitting that such scenes

should not be kept too long from our eyes: they humble the pride of man, too prone to riot, when flushed with health and prosperity: I never shunned such, but rather courted, smoothing the hard pillow of affliction whenever it presented. But now, I—I——."

"No more, Sewell! it would not be proper, or safe, to leave Lady Julia now. I honour your sentiments, and rather think the half-shut sick chamber is more necessary for me than yourself: I go at the call of humanity and friendship, though with a foreboding heart; for I already feel by anticipation some shock which even *my* philosophy will not overcome—Farewell!"

Lord Gondola then retired to the library, first ordering his horse to be got ready, wrote letters to Mr. Manners, Mr. Sowerby, and others, and departed.

He arrived at Fairthorne-House, and was surprised on first seeing Mr. and Mrs. Fry only, with faces, where me-

lancholy might be read in legible characters;—the eyes of the once-playful racer, Mary Capper, were red with weeping, and the sight of Lord Gondola seemed again to call up some sorrowful association; for her tears, which were stealing down her cheeks, betrayed such. "What, in Heaven's name, has happened? Pray, tell me, Mr. and Mrs. Fry! for this is no time for ceremony. Where is my friend Capper, and his wife, and your eldest sister, *my* Ellen! my play-fellow! my philosophical companion?"

Mrs. Fry now was so convulsed with grief, that her husband quietly led her to another room, and returning, said, "Friend Gondola! we first thank thee for thy friendly attention to us, for our dear sister Ellen, who now lieth dangerously ill, hath turned this house of joy into a house of mourning; which scene, perhaps, thou hast shunned, in thy philosophical way, or contemned, because the feelings of plain people, like us, are

called forth in a manner which the stoics of a new school despise. But hear *me* out, friend! for the father of my Mary has not as yet sufficient firmness to meet thee, and to thank thee for this thy goodness to us all. Thou knowest that our sister was but delicate in her health, and that her illness was shewn before we took her away to London; for we fain hoped that change of air, and change of place, might restore her, as much as medicine could, with the best advice; but, alas, friend! my heart is sore with grief, when I tell thee, that she became worse, and, by her express desire, has, by easy stages, been brought down to her father's, where, I fear, she will soon be removed to the silent grave, for her frame is consuming hour by hour, and there is now, alas!—no hope."

"Oh, Fry! thou good young man! who viewest affliction with a feeling heart, and hast ever dried up the gushing tears of sorrow when possible; tell me

all! And is there no hope? Can the fell tyrant go so insatiate to his work, as thus to undermine, in a few weeks, that lovely complexion, the index of health and peace? Will he take the pure and the good, and sweep them from the land of their fathers, and leave the wretched encumberers of the ground to riot in unbridled, unchecked insolence? Ah, my sweet Ellen! for I will call you mine,—my sister!—my more than sister! whose gentle admonitions, freely and simply spoken, in thy peculiar way, have so often checked the hasty and repining ebullitions which have escaped my lips;—they are now again accented to my ears! Even thy innocent laugh at my fashionable awkwardness;—good God! this is distraction! I feel, I know not how! I did not love Ellen,—but now I do; for here, within, Fry! is now a sublimated feeling, free from the degrading dross of the world. Unhappy father! mother! children! and friend!

thus even to apprehend the loss of such an angel!" And here Lord Gondola could not avoid (but willingly indulged in the relief of) a shower of tears.

Mr. Fry continued: "Thou must have remarked, friend Gondola! that Ellen's cheek was tinged with a hectic flush ere thy departure: we fear a something deeper rooted than even corporeal disease!"

"What do I hear? Is there then a mental cause for that which preys upon her frame,—a canker in the soul, which consumes its counterpart the body, and both thus suffer, though the greater malady lays within; for who can still the tempest of the mind? But the cause, I entreat you?—Is her young heart engaged, contrary to the advice and wish of her parents? Oh, no! that is impossible! she was ever obedient.—Be candid with me, Mr. Fry!"

"Ah, friend Gondola! now dost thou

touch me to the quick; far be it from me to impute a weakness to our sister Ellen as the cause, instead of the effect: her health, perhaps, undermined by the corrosive hand of consumption, *may* have been giving way some time; but still my wife Mary and myself are of opinion, that she cherisheth some hopeless attachment; and the mind overcharged thus, helps the bursting of the bonds which keep life together. Hast thou, Gondola! ever marked any thing to which I allude, in the conduct or countenance of our Ellen, when she walked with thee? I do acquit thee of any love conversations with her, for thou art a man of honour, and she is a girl whose duty would have divulged such, if thou hadst, to her parents; therefore, I only enquire, if thou hast read in her lineaments any tokens of a tenderness for one man, in preference to another?"

"No, poor dear girl! I never did; although, it must be confessed, the natural

vanity of man is so great, that we often fancy such, without any foundation. Ellen ever shewed to me the kindness of a sister; she was open, free, playful, yet serious, severe in her daily duties, and pious. I have occasionally marked her in tears; and once, in particular, when Mr. Capper's Scripture expoundings ended; but I gather nothing from that, for the workings of religious feelings will shew such. But, oh! that I might be the happy angel, with healing in my wings, to trouble the pool of Bethesda, that the innocent lovely daughter of my most valued, honest friend might be restored to the joy of her dear parents, and to these welcome arms also, which should fly open to embrace her, with the fondest tribute of warmth affection ever yet evinced. Is it hopeless all? May I not see her? Where are Mr. Capper, Mrs. Capper, and the rest?"

Mr. Fry was silent: he appeared to muse with vacant gaze upon the air, as

if inwardly communing, and unable to be decisive as to his thoughts. At length he got up: "Friend Gondola! most valued and most esteemed! in this trying hour, thou wilt, I fear, undergo more than is customary to one of thy elevated rank, and I do not think thy firmness is quite Christian enough in its nature to endure the shock; for it is the disciple only of Jesus Christ who is enabled to find a refuge, not only even in the midst of our own bodily agonies, but in the mournful witnessing those of our friends, whom we love as dear as ourselves: art thou, then, prepared for the exhibition of a scene of lamentation and woe? for, as Nathan said unto David, 'Thou art the Man!' who has, doubtless, most innocently, caused it all!"

"Me! me! the object of Ellen's love! Your words are as the balm of Gilead to my soul, more refreshing than all the spices of Arabia!—But, lead me to that living temple of purity, that dear sym-

bol of all we conceive angelic, and our hearts and hands shall be in unison for ever; for I feel here, and here only, I must set up my rest!"

"Alas! I fear Ellen is now nearly a decayed temple, for the ruins are already but too visible; the ravages of the blast have been rough and violent; and thy benevolence, thy glorious resolves, to repair that temple, by the expansion of thy heart, and the smiles of thy countenance towards her, are all, all—too late! But, thanks to thee, friend Gondola! I will leave thee for a few minutes, while I ascend to the sick-room, and bring thee the report of the physicians, who are there. Perhaps I may prevail on Ephraim Capper to see thee."

Lord Gondola, left alone, made his inward lament in all the swelling tortures of his soul. He compared the preceding years of his life with the last three months, and he found the latter more congenial to *a well-founded* peace

of mind, than all the gorgeous satisfactions which wealth, and even fame, granted: he felt a consciousness of the dignity of his nature, *because* sublimated above the selfishness of individual gratification: he felt subdued (though formerly he would have sneered at such a feeling) by the Quaker's actual superiority over him in the scale of manhood; he felt it in Capper's presence; he felt it in the company of his children; when visiting and inspecting Capper's good works, whether as to schools, workshops, or farms. This, therefore, was the man whose principle of action must be right; and, the more he considered, the more he became voluntarily a willing, a submissive pupil. With such an anchor to keep his vessel safe, he had, therefore, already prided himself in the prospect of a future visit, little thinking, however, what would be the sudden cause of the present one. Lord Gondola was, also, conscientiously

sincere in the offer of his hand to Ellen; for, if there is a stronger passion in the breast of man than another, it is most unquestionably that most satisfactory of all—knowing that we are beloved, and that we are capable of inspiring an attachment of no ordinary nature: but, had he considered this alliance as a positive sacrifice on his part, still he would have offered himself up as a peace-offering, to appease that most fell and despairing sensation, unrequited love. But, on the contrary, he was delighted with the hope, that the tender which he had made, would not only save this young creature's life, for whom he now felt an interesting predilection, but gloried in his being, individually perhaps, better than physicians themselves: and he anxiously waited the return of Mr. Fry.

In a quarter of an hour, his old friend Ephraim entered alone; and, after a silent and mutual pressure of the hand—

"Friend Gondola! for such thou art, who wilt visit the sick and sorrowful in the day when there is need of consolation; the husband of my daughter Mary has told thee, I understand, how very heavy the hand of affliction presses upon us; and he has likewise told us of thy generosity, nay, upon this occasion, I will even say condescension, in proposing thy hand to my Ellen!"

"Talk not so, Mr. Capper! had I twenty thousand lives, I would give them all to smooth that brow of care which I behold, and to cause the bloom of health again to visit Ellen's cheeks,—perhaps now pallid, and those eyes once so beaming,—now lustreless!"

"Ah, friend! would to God (with humble submission to his wise purposes) that thy aid could be effectual; I fear it is too late; my girl is a good girl; (here sorrow stopt him for awhile). Pardon me, I do not try to check these tears, which should flow at the dreary

prospect; the loss of a child is the hardest of all trials; oh, it is nearly insupportable, for I feel it such, my friend! But to part with my Ellen, just twenty! obedient to her parents, good to the poor, so useful a member of our commonwealth; her very virtues make the separation which I must, though I dread to anticipate, more agonising. My rose of Shaaron! she, whose complexion seemed to taunt the fell monster Death, as daring to cope with her,—but in the course of nature;—she, the fairest of ten thousand, my first-born, my pride, to lie now like a withering lily decaying into corruption: 'Oh, Almighty Power! (dropping on his knees,) teach me submission to thy awful fiat against those natural ties which thou hast implanted! Let me not murmur, nor rebel, nor even question the justice of thy decrees, but still, still, raise her! raise her up like Jarius's daughter, if our prayer *may* be

heard, so shall we praise thy name for evermore!'"

After a considerable pause, Mr. Capper proceeded: "Who can tell, but the real Christian, the nature of this struggle between the flesh and the spirit? Alas! we ask we know not what; yet it is our duty to ask what is natural and accordant with those ties of family affection, which are knitted round our hearts, for they have been sweet sources of consolation and pleasure, though our divine Master *may* choose to wound us in those tender places, to make trial of our faith. Oh, my friend! our dearest Ellen was deeply attached unto thee: she concealed it, and it fed upon her frame, already delicate; nor all the efforts of virtue, temporary self-denial from thy presence, nor absence itself, could eradicate the seed once sown. If thou hadst been but a serious and religious character, friend! I would have

divulged unto thee the state of my Ellen's heart, and thrown ourselves, and all that we have, upon thy compassion; but, pardon me! with all the love and affection which my wife, myself, and my daughter Ellen bore thee, and it was, and is not, to be measured, we discouraged the unequal passion, both as to rank and opinions upon religion: and now,—now,—but God's will be done! (trying to conceal his tears, and inarticulately adding)—now, my poor girl's heart is broke!"

"Mr. Capper, I conjure you to hear me! you have done wrong in not revealing that important fact, which to my dying moment I shall ever deplore, if Ellen should not survive; yet I acquit you of all, but the best of motives influential of such conduct. But tell me not of any thing; let me see her, let me intreat her to live for my sake; for if such event is permitted, here I swear!——"

"No, friend! thou art commanded not; for it will be heard above, and recorded also, in the book of life, against thee!"

"I solemnly promise at this awful moment, that if *my* dear Ellen and *your* dear Ellen recovers, to lead her to the altar, and to love and cherish her all my days; therefore let me see her, attend her, wait upon her: my affectionate forestalling of her most trifling wants shall prove the reality of my devotedness to her, and *may* be salutary. Haste, sir! let me try!"

"Ah, young man! I see every thing noble and generous in thy heart, and thy only faults are those factitious ones, which the world has defaced it with: but thou shalt see my suffering angel,—but, prepare thy mind! It is a chamber of sickness, of mourning, of spiritual conversation; for the breathings of the creature must there be no more of earthly, but of heavenly things; the vain and transitory

illusions of sense *then* must give way to those really important, then in view—within, perhaps, a few hours! How unfitting, therefore, would be that soul to enter into the presence of its Creator, unprepared, unanointed, unannealed, clogged with the grossness that pervades it at other periods. I know, however, that thou art all gentleness, and art prepared to see a Christian die, or, if it please the omnipotent God, to aid in her recovery."

Mr. Capper now left the room, and one of the physicians entered it, whose looks bespoke the worst. To the anxious enquiries of his lordship, he candidly admitted that he had no hope of the young lady's recovery. In the mean time, Mr. and Mrs. Fry had broke to the suffering patient all that we have related, and its intelligence had, as it were, re-animated her, just as we have observed the hectic flushings, the renovated strength, and even the appetite, re-appear

on the eve of dissolution. The languid Ellen consented, after some struggles of delicacy, to his lordship being admitted up, and, by the time her dear father re-appeared, the room was prepared. The agonized parent hung over her before he called up Lord Gondola, kissed her parched lips, calling her his good, dear, best-beloved Ellen! told her again of his lordship's generosity of attachment, upon which she sprung half up in bed in unutterable joy, and then burst out into a flood of tears, which was hailed by him as a good omen. "I go now, my dear Ellen! to introduce our kind friend. Support your spirits, and live! live! my daughter! to bless us all!"

Mr. Capper brought Lord Gondola into the chamber: the windows were half closed, and the Holland blinds down; the room had that sort of sombre light, which, by association of ideas, made the scene still more impressive. By the fire-side sat Mrs. Capper, and

before her the family Bible, which she had been reading aloud to the assembled family, with the exception of the younger children. Lord Gondola went to the bed-side of her whose sense of modesty had now concealed her face on the pillow; and, seizing her hand and kissing it, leant over her—" O Ellen! *my* Ellen! look up, my life! my angel! do not avert thy face from me in this trying hour, but let me kiss those lips with all the affection of a friend, of a brother, of a husband!—Speak to me, thou dear creature! doubly dear, as thou wilt ever be;—speak, Ellen!"

But he saw by the motions of her head, that convulsive sobs were the only answers she *could* make; he handed her a handkerchief;—" Let *me* wipe those tears, dearest Ellen!—Who has a better right to dry them than him who would have died to prevent them, but the innocent cause, alas! I come, my dearest! my more than sister! to repair thy wrongs,

to make myself and you happy, if a life of unceasing devotion to your unmatched virtues will expiate my blindness;— do look up?"

She turned herself, and gazed upon him, while her quivering lips were working in agitation; but his lordship dried the rolling tears with his handkerchief, and kissed her. "Come, my dear Ellen! all will be right at last; be calm and composed, assure me you forgive me, (she gently pressed his hand). Oh, this is happiness! Here will I fix my everlasting seat until this dear angel recovers; for there is but one spirit between us; we are but as one soul. I will attend you, Ellen! will be your nurse, will smooth your pillow, only promise that you will live to bless me!"

"Ah, friend Gondola! (shaking her head) it is too late, all is nearly over!— *but for thee!* thou generous man! I could have drank of the bitter cup; for I am now on the confines of an eternal

scene: but, such is my frailty, thou callest back, as it were, the already prepared spirit to the earth again. I feel, I feel, thou noble character, ties that bind me to thee; but the Father of all hearts knows they were ever pure and virtuous, and the struggle is now so great to lose thee, that—that—"

"Help! help!" cried Lord Gondola, "she faints."

The physician begged his lordship to speak less, for the perturbation of her spirits was now so distressing, he feared for the consequences. The father was weeping upon the bosom of his wife, who had more fortitude than himself.

Ellen had by this time revived, and Lord Gondola had retired, to weep unseen.

"Where is he? where is he?" she half got up and exclaimed, "gone again?"

"No, my dear patient," replied the physician, "he is already here at your bedside; but you must both of you be

more quiet, you exert yourself too much."

"Ah, sir! do not debar me from the consciousness of what I feel, it is so delightful,—to be loved and esteemed by *him* is, indeed, too glorious, too entrancing to last. I feel it will not last; and forgive me, my Creator! when I acknowledge it *should* not last; for I have loved him better than thee, and my soul might be weaned from thee to him, the god of my idolatry; pardon me, therefore, of thy infinite mercy, and teach my erring spirit how to love him, during the fierceness of this trial, *without* forgetting thee!"

Lord Gondola bent over her, and, in gentle whispers, begged her to be composed, and not to speak: he clasped her hand, he bathed it with his tears, when he perceived her pale and lengthened visage, and the glassy appearance of those once fine eyes: he spoke of peace and future joys, even assumed a cheer-

fulness foreign to his heart, hoping to produce a corresponding return; but in vain: she closed her eyes, and, by the motion of her lips, seemed as in secret prayer. The physician felt her pulse, and shook his head. Oh, what a scene of silence was this! when nothing was heard but an agonized sob breaking out from each, yet trying to suppress it from each,—such a disturbed silence is worse than the severest sounds. At length she opened her eyes, and gazed in vacant silence on his lordship, who whispered to her, but she made no reply. The physician now made her up a cordial, as her weakness increased; and then, when she had taken it, she gently, and in decaying accents, uttered—

"For you, my friend Gondola! I have endured a severe struggle; but—but—I have at last conquered. It was not my lot to partake of that joy I had pictured in your possession; it is reserved

for another. I thank God, however, that thou art here, for, while my strength lasts, it may be good for thee. Thy future life, I hope, *will* be tinctured with this awful moment; for, though I have parted with my vast love for thee, thy future welfare is very, very dear to this heart. Read the Scriptures, my friend! Be not thou ashamed of following the religion of my meek and lowly Master, whose peace passeth all understanding, as *I* feel at this moment. For my sake, (if it has aught of value,) be fervent in well-doing, pious, but, above all, be humble! so shalt thou enjoy a peace of mind, which the world cannot give. Oh! that the dying advice of her, who once loved thee better than life, may be engraven on thy heart! Farewell! Give me thy hand, that I may kiss it—for—for—the last time, until we meet in those regions, where—where—ah! where we may indeed be united for ever anp ever.

" And ye, my dear parents! what shall I say to you? It is hard to part; but ye have done your duty, and I hope all will be forgot, where I have erred. Sorrow and weep not for me; I go where you will soon follow, where we shall all meet again. Grieve not, therefore, at my early departure; but rather hail my deliverance from this bondage of sin and death; for I have fought the good fight. My sisters and brothers! be kind and forbearing to each other, constant in mental prayer, pray, now, for *me*,—for—for I feel the grim tyrant snatching me from among ye—oh! pray.——And now!—it is finished! —Now, Death, I defy thy sting! and—and——" she then sunk down, and expired!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

So cheers some pious saint a dying sinner,
Who trembled at the thoughts of pains to come,
With Heav'n's forgiveness, and the hopes of mercy:
At length the tumult of his soul appeas'd,
And ev'ry doubt, and anxious scruple eas'd;
Boldly he proves the dark uncertain road,
The peace his holy Comforter bestow'd,
Guides and protects him like a guardian god.
ROWE'S TAMERLANE.

THE parents stood like marble statues, viewing a scene which they knew and felt was but a prelude to their own. Lord Gondola, however, would not quit the body: he indulged, for hours, in all the luxury of grief to such intensity, that Mr. Capper himself was under the necessity of becoming a comforter; and he was, in some degree, enabled so to

do, as he had, with all the family, in their death-like silent manner, prayed for assistance from above, to effect their submission to his will in this period of anguish. He pointed out to his lordship the Bible, which still lay open; but he could not read, for his eyes overflowed. He would not dare aloud to arraign the justice of that Power who gives and takes away, because his friend, the father of the dear departed saint, was at hand, who also felt severely, and who would have checked him: but he secretly repined at those dispensations, which, because he could not fathom, he questioned! for this is the way with short-sighted mortals; when the mystery of Providence is inscrutable to such, they are peevish and discontented, and, with the usual vain wisdom of their confined intellects, doubt the utility of that "which they cannot comprehend." If this *is* philosophy, for a certain cabal of pseudo-philosophers, or

philosopho-maths, act and think thus, it is a very odd one; for, if they confess themselves ignorant of the laws which govern the motions of the heavenly bodies, why not confess their reliance upon the *same* wisdom which organises all that happens in this sphere?—But to return to the house of mourning, which became a house of silence, for all relish was lost for every thing social; but still, all that was decent and useful went on as usual. Mr. Fry, who had the meekest heart in the world, and yet who had somehow made a business of misery,—for the sick, the imprisoned, and the dying, were the objects he had, for a few years past, chose to associate with, and administer to,—on this occasion dispensed more consolation than could have been expected. Lord Gondola, also, came within the sphere of his assistance, for he was as a child one moment, and half frantic the next. His lordship freely confessed he had never

before witnessed such a scene, and " it was so heart-rending, that he doubted if he ever would again."

" That is wrong, friend!" said William Fry; " it is good that the pride of man's heart should be abased; for here, in this instance, thou hast seen how early such a flower may be plucked, even in its prime, by the all-grasping hand of death: it may be thy turn next, or mine; but thine is,—excuse me! of more import, because not sufficiently thought about; for thou hast lived in the great world, who see, and will see little else but pleasure. What would thy situation be, then, when stretched upon thy last bed, surrounded by thy pitying friends, with all the infirmities of the body, but without that bright spark which religion alone can light up in such an hour? Ah, friend! let this scene, which harrows up thy soul thus, because thou hast, and we have, lost our dear sister, turn to the true reckoning we should make of this

event; and let us implore the great God of heaven and earth, to change our hearts, that we may be prepared against the shock, which *may* come like a thief in the night!"

Lord Gondola, however, to his praise, joined, by his presence, in the morning and evening silent family devotions; and in deep grief he more than joined them, for the loss of their beloved Ellen, his constant companion,—the now shrouded corpse of her once seen in all the glory of maiden beauty—but now fixed, insensible, and cold. He would then kiss her clay-cold lips, and address her as if living: and thus he would for hours commune with himself, and the dead.

But time, the cormorant, devouring time! crept on, and the last rites were to be performed: but now, when the noise of the undertaker's implements upon the coffin, and the fixing of those screws about to inclose for ever from mortal sight her who had loved him

with such a purity of affection, his sorrow became so intense, that it was with much difficulty he could witness the simple funereal custom of this plain people.

When he returned from the grave, he threw himself upon the sofa, and "Is it thus," he cried, "that we die ten thousand deaths *ere* we die! happy is he, whose heart is steeled, and indurated as adamant, rather than endure, and endure thus in vain; for, alas! I cannot call her back, nor can I go to her! Oh, Ellen! Ellen! would to God we had never met! my future peace might not then be at an end,—and thou no victim to thy chaste, thy matchless love. But it is to myself I owe this infatuating principle, which works so much woe; because I would not descend into the walk of private life, and become entirely as a little child with these Cappers, and *would* cling to my philosophy and fame, I am still mi-

serable! Ah! what unutterable peace and quiet, attended by joys beyond compare, might not have been ours, if we had been united, and in a retirement lived for each other, and for others; not for mere self, which has been my ruin, and the ruin of thousands. With that angelic look, tempered by religion, how shone all that we conceive of the celestial? But are there such in the sphere in which *I* move? Oh, no! no! Art, art, art—all, and deceit, and treachery, and falsehood! Where shall I fly?—here I cannot stay; for the house is as a wilderness,—all is as a blank! I see her moving as she was wont to do wherever I go, all her playful simple raillery sounds in my ears, and her framed work and drawings madden me!——But, be for ever buried, that death-bed scene! for to see a wretch expire I could; but innocence and beauty blasted and cut short before my eyes!—It is too much!" Then he would exclaim—

How early rose the intellectual powers,
In bloom, in strength, that sham'd maturer hours!
On that dear lip, what mute attention hung,
As dropt the precept from her parent's tongue;
While from his faithful mind, in science train'd,
She caught the sense, ere language half explain'd!
How soon did genius all her soul engage!
How glow'd those eyes along the sacred page!
What generous goodness taught that now cold heart
To bear in others' joys so warm a part;
Pour o'er another's woe the ready tear,
Watch by the couch of pain with tender fear;
Each wish prevent, each injury forgive,
" And, heedless of herself, for others' live!"

Mr. Capper and his lady knocked at the door, and, hearing no answer, came in: they found his lordship stretched at length on the sofa, with his handkerchief before his eyes. Mrs. Capper addressed him: " Friend Gondola! thy tears are welcome tributes of affection to us, in memory of her whose loss you weep; but, take comfort!—thou hast been tender and kind-hearted to our departed daughter, now in heaven; and were she permitted to have her happiness alloyed by a knowledge of our grief, she would

herself be the first to chide us. Wilt thou, friend! retire with us to our closet? for we fain hope that *thou* mayest be relieved, as we are ourselves."

"Madam! you may command me any where; I see through your friendly artifice, meant to beguile my griefs, by references to the Bible, and by the solemn calmness of your devotion: I will join you, but I am not in a spirit to benefit."

But Lord Gondola did receive benefit; and his soul, sore oppressed, became lighter, subdued, yielding, and humble: he returned from this domestic conventicle with new ideas, new sensations! he found his philosophy vain-glorious, irrational. "And if (he thought) by this trifling concession to my friends, whose motives are so good, the load of misery is, *in some degree*, taken from me, why should I not then put myself, were it only experimentally, to the test of a new theory?"

The truth was, that Ephraim Capper and his wife had preached to him, after reading that impressive chapter, the 15th of the first Epistle to the Corinthians: for, as they both had held forth occasionally at their meetings, they now ventured, in spite of the probable sneers of the highly-gifted lord, to become as useful as they could to a man so puffed up with worldly fame, as to imagine himself a deity, who bestrode the narrow world like another Colossus; at least this was the case, according to all report, before he visited Fairthorne. They had also a double claim upon his attention, as he was not only become, as it were, one of the family, but because of that melancholy event, of which he might be called—the second cause; and in her bereavement they all shared an equal sorrow. Besides, there was in Capper, by nature, such an affectionate, kind habit of speaking, so persuasive, yet utterly without art, so simple, that the

goodness of his motives was never questioned: and, as to Mrs. Capper, she had an equal gift; for her eloquence, though homely, was astonishing even to the noble lord, for its justice and depth of thinking, producing conviction as to what she uttered; so that, without appearing to do more than getting him to join in their peculiar, but spiritual family exercises, they went farther towards producing a ray of light, than would all the efforts of a host of ecclesiastical practitioners, whom, in fact, he held in but trivial esteem.

Lord Gondola embraced the good old couple; shook their hands with an unusual fervency; said, it had been his intention to return to Mr. Manners long since, but neither his spirits nor his disposition were for it now, and he should stay with them, if they would allow it.

"For ever!" they replied.

Lord Gondola now despatched notes

to the Hall, and to Mr. Sewell in particular, apologising for not seeing him safe through his pilgrimage, but stating that he should not return until he saw him the son-in-law of my Lord Charlevoix: he also so far wrote to all those whose influential names could do this young man good, to aid and succour him in so laudable a project.

His lordship, therefore, becoming domiciled at Fairthorne, we must now leave, to return to Gogmagog Hall, from which place, a week back, Mr. Manners and Mr. Melville departed in the carriage of the former for Clifford-House. On their arrival, Miss Melville flew into the arms of her (unexpected) father, whose looks already prognosticated some happy turn of fortune; and to Mr. Manners she was equally attentive, though not quite so free with; indeed, it was evident there was a blushing embarrassment about her, which was not very unac-

countable, considering that her friend Mrs. Fauconberg had already apprised her of the mission of one of these plenipotentiaries, for a truce for life between herself and Mr. Ferrers. But, as if blushes were to become the order of the day with Emily, Mr. Melville, her father, handed a letter, and added, "Now, my dear girl! as you are my daughter, it is hardly consistent in you to expect I should become a letter-carrier in a clandestine correspondence; have the goodness, therefore, to open the letter while I am by, and merely let me know the writer, and if he is a man of honour,—and if you can answer for his character,—that will be enough."

Emily opened the letter, and her trembling and confusion betrayed all; for never before had she been so distrest with a suffusion of countenance: she scarcely articulated - "From a Mr. Ferrers, sir!"

"Oh! from a Mr. Ferrers, is it? Pray, what sort of a man is he?—his character will bear scrutiny, eh! Emily?"

"Oh, yes! sir! *that* it will," she replied; "but may I beg to retire, and tell Mrs. Clifford you are below with Mr. Manners?"

"What say you, Mr. Manners?—do you think it safe to trust her with that letter without my first reading it?—for as to going to Mrs. Clifford—you see through that!"

"Why, indeed, it is a serious business," said Mr. Manners, "for my Ferrers thus to write in a clandestine way; 'tis a pity he is not here; I should call him to account. But, go, Miss Melville! and bring Mrs. Clifford to us, for we have much to say to her; but heark'ye, my dear! we don't wish to hurry you,—only come together; for your father and myself will, until then, take a turn in the shrubbery."

And now they were all assembled in

the parlour, Mr. Melville addressed Mrs. Clifford,—"hoping that, as he was the father of Miss Melville, and Mr. Manners was his friend, he might be permitted to ask a question or two, which were, if she would allow any correspondence to be carried on, or any gentleman to call on her governess, without her consent?"

"Certainly not, sir!" replied Mrs. Clifford; "not that there is the least necessity for your caution, for Miss Melville has done me the (unnecessary) honour of shewing me the letter brought this morning."

"Then, madam! do you approve of the correspondence?"

"As far as I am concerned, I do," said Mrs. Clifford. "And now, pray, Mr. Melville, allow me to ask if *you* approve of it?"

"As far as I am concerned I do," he replied.

" And as far as I am concerned, I do also," said Mr. Manners.

" Well, then, gentlemen!" said Mrs. Clifford, " there is only one more question to ask—of Miss Melville. Are you, my dear, willing to encourage this correspondence?"

Miss Melville felt distrest; she ran to her father, and begged him to answer for her.

" Well, Mrs. Clifford!" said Mr. Melville, " in these days of strict etiquette, I will answer for her. She is perfectly willing to receive as many of these letters as Mr. Ferrers can possibly write: and I will also go farther, and in her name ask your permission for that young gentleman to visit her here to-morrow?"

" Now, really, sir!" said Miss Melville, " I did not authorise that—to-morrow!—you are so sudden,—I—I—"

" Why, Miss Melville!" answered Mr. Manners, " if you prefer this day

month, it shall be so, though really there is no knowing what a month may bring forth ; the gentleman may break an arm, you know, as well as a leg, and then none but a Melville could set legs, arms, and hearts to rights, my dear, as you do.—But what say you ?"

Mrs. Clifford laughed, and added, "Gentlemen! you are too hard upon my daughter there, whom I am proud to call such, for I love her as my own: rely upon it, neither of *you* should part us ; but, as it is for the interest of her, whose prospects I am the first to promote, I will let her go, after due warning ; and this is the warning I shall require :—that she shall command me, for the ensuing month, upon all occasions wherein I can be useful ; for she is a good girl, whose friendship I shall ever be proud of."

Miss Melville was overpowered with emotions of gratitude; she pressed the hands of all about her, and shed tears of joy at this (in some degree) unex-

pected union of sentiment, as to her future happiness. When the *eclaircissement* was completely developed, general conversation ensued, and the whole proceedings at the Hall, subsequent to Miss Melville's leaving it, were detailed by Mr. Manners with indescribable humour: but as they were now invited to dinner *en famille*, that is to say, quiet, with dumb-waiters, which do not tattle all over the town, half speeches, which would set the world by the ears were they acted up to; but, after a plain course or two, the gentlemen of the shoulder-knot were dismissed, to the mutual joy of governors and governed. The affecting story of the fate of Ellen Capper was now told to the party by Mr. Manners, with all its bearings upon the mind of Lord Gondola, which affected Mrs. Clifford and Miss Melville even to tears, particularly the latter, who felt the most unbounded gratitude to his lordship for the diversion of Lady

Julia Charlevoix's alliance with Mr. Ferrers. The conversation then was taken up by Mr. Melville, who sounded forth the just praises of Mr. Sowerby, the benefactor, friend, and patron of his daughter.

"Aye, aye!" said Mr. Manners, "all very fine, friend Melville! but not one penny shall Emily touch of that twenty-two thousand pounds 5 per cents! Indeed it is not her's at this moment; for your lady, *id est*, Emily's mother, *knows* it is not; and, as she will be at the Hall to-morrow, she will probably confirm what I say. No! no! me and my boy are debtors to your daughter, and all that we have shall be Ferrers' and her's for ever; for though I have determined she shall come into my family as poor as a beggar,—yet, did not she save my boy's life, in whom my affections are wrapped up, and how can she ever be sufficiently rewarded?"

This overpowering generosity of Mr.

Manners to Mr. Melville and his daughter, was duly appreciated, by the first, with heartfelt acknowledgments; by the last, with a half-choked utterance of her affection and gratitude.

"I have not done yet, my good friends! —your elder brother!"—

"Oh, what of my dear brother Robert?" cried Miss Melville.

"I have heard of him," Mr. Manners coolly remarked.

"Thanks be to God!" cried Mr. Melville; "my noble boy! is he well? where is he? how did you hear?"

"Why, as far as I can calculate," said Mr. Manners, "he is by this time at Gogmagog-Hall. Let me see,—he was to leave Portsmouth on Sunday morning,—sleep in London, and fit up, —and—yes—he is at home!"

"Now, really, Mr. Manners," said Mrs. Clifford, "I must and will envy you, if you go on so, doing good, and in this magical way, too!—but see, the Mel-

villes, father and daughter, are ready to expire with delight and gratitude;—how is all this? for *I* must speak for my happy guests."

"Madam! you shall hear: Some time since I plenipotentiaried a very foolish treaty with Lord Charlevoix, a worthy and honourable man, for the marriage of Mr. Ferrers with his daughter, Lady Julia. It was made so clear to me, how I had committed myself, that I took myself to task, especially when I found my friend Sowerby, with not a tenth part of my property, doing good in the most off-handed way imaginable. His nobleness of mind in not allowing *my* dear Emily, there, dependent upon my caprice, by giving her all his fortune, opened my eyes entirely; and, as I scorn to be outdone by that old, though valuable cynic, Mrs. Melville is at this moment in possession of his new will, in favour of the father, mother, and family of that girl, who will not want it. Again, I

got from Mr. Sowerby all he knew about Robert Melville. I then set Williams, Lord Charlevoix's secretary, a most intelligent young man, to trace him out; and, as I have friends at the War-office and Admiralty, the search was very soon successful, though, in the pursuit, they thought that the *Melvilles* had taken possession of both army and navy!—for they traced no fewer than thirteen Robert Melvilles in the latter: but, by a comparison of dates, three were pitched upon, and the third was successful. The noble boy was found on board the Spitfire, Captain Hamilton, then luckily at Portsmouth, as a midshipman; for his good conduct and good character had raised him even to that moderate elevation; and, as a few questions proved all they wanted, they produced the secretary's warrant for a month's absence on affairs of government, and he and Williams slept in town last night; and thus, ladies and gentlem*an!* my dear and ho-

noured friend and brother! I shall enjoy a feast to-night in seeing you embrace each other. But, I have not quite done—stopping here would not do: I have a commission for him in my pocket as last lieutenant of the Conqueror, eighty guns: now this you must keep a secret, for by influence it was obtained; and as such things have been done, you know, though *sub rosa,* perhaps I may be the means of making the boy a second Nelson!"

But who can paint the looks of a father and a sister of Robert Melville, at these tidings?—And who can paint the gratification, the ecstasy of Mr. Manners, and every one present, at the abrupt entrance of Mrs. and now Lieutenant Melville, who then were engaged in embracing, congratulating, kissing, crying, and the other usual demonstrations of felicity, which people *will* shew upon such occasions?

"Why, how now, young Melville?" said Mr. Manners; "have you learnt to

disobey orders already? This is not Gogmagog Hall, sir! and I expected to meet you there, sir!"

"Oh, sir! oh, my benefactor! pardon my impatience; but let my mother here plead for me: I could not stay one moment in London without seeing *her*."

"You'd be a great rascal if you did," said Mr. Manners.

"And then, sir," continued Robert Melville, "such a meeting took place, and such news were told me, what could we do, sir, but to hasten and throw ourselves at the feet of our generous, our noble patron? Not finding you at the Hall, I ventured, in my usual impatient manner, to Clifford-House; and when I saw my father and my sister through the lawn-window, as we were preparing to knock, I could not resist breaking through all forms, for which I now sincerely apologize to Mrs. Clifford, and to you, sir!"

"Come, sir! that won't do: things

must be done in *my* way; you must rejoin your ship!—Read that, sir!"

"Oh, sir! if I have offended, pray ——" Mr. Melville and Mrs. Clifford burst out into laughter, which was very soon echoed by the young sailor, when he had read "appointed lieutenant to the Conqueror," signed ****.

"Oh, Mr. Manners! my friend! my benefactor! you *shall* find me worthy of your kind patronage: I can get testimonials of high authority for my good character, to prove that I merit *some* regard; but, I confess, not all this, which I fear I never can repay."

"Well, Lieutenant Melville! I wish you joy, and shake your hand heartily, which is pretty hard though, I find; may it be ever ready to keep your happy country still mistress of the seas, and to hurl the thundering cannon against its foes; especially when that day comes, for it will come, when its western adversary's flag will fly in defi-

ance. Upon that struggle will depend our naval superiority. Remember my words. God send it may never arrive! or, at least, until I sleep in the sepulchre of my fathers."

"Pray, Mr. Manners!" said Mrs. Clifford, "have you any more of these most agreeable romances to play off to-day?"

"No more at present, madam!" replied Mr. Manners.

"I am sorry for it, sir! for, upon my honour, never was I so delighted, never did I feel so honoured, to see here the father, the mother, and the runaway brother of my governess—for I shall always call her so. Oh, Mr. Manners! these are moments of unalloyed satisfaction."

"I feel they are, madam!" Mr. Manners replied (putting his handkerchief to his eyes). "But this only is proved, that to be useful, is to be happy: and I now begin to perceive I have not been

active enough. God knows, I never refused the offices of benevolence when applied to: but here, as in the case of this young man, I feel I might have been to others more beneficial, by looking into the concerns of those genteel, but reduced, persons, who *will* seclude themselves, and *cannot* ask. I sadly fear, the bold and impudent succeed well, while modest merit pines unrelieved."

"Come, come, Mr. Manners!" remarked Mrs. Clifford, "don't accuse yourself of sins of omission, when your heart must be full of the most grateful of all emotions."

Lieutenant Melville was a very genteel handsome youth, and had been well brought up; nor had his nautical pursuits roughened his address, which was that of a gentleman. Upon the present occasion, he looked well; for he was full-dressed in a lieutenant's uniform, which Mr. Manners had insisted should

be fitted, and bought in London; and, for this purpose, a fifty-pound note was put into his hand by Williams, presented to him by Mr. Manners.

"Well, Emily!" said her brother, "I hear fine news about *you*. Come, don't blush so, sister! I have seen Mr. Ferrers; *I* love him, whether you do or not, (though, as to that, I see how the land lays, as we say,) for he welcomed me with that gentlemanly kindness which I shall never forget;—for a little of that will overturn even the heart of a tar——plague! I'm quite a fool, (brushing a tear away with the back of his hand,)—I was going to give you advice, but there's no occasion; for, if you could take his feet out of the stirrup, and save his life, then I am sure your life will be a happy one; and God send Mr. Manners, our kind patron there, may live long to see it."

"Thank'yee, my noble boy! My

Hall is open to you for a month; *then* you must join your ship, for I like duty attended to. But, young man! Gogmagog is your home, remember! whenever you have leave of absence, or when on half-pay, or any other—when, for I love to see people about me social and happy; though I must say I have had, lately, some of the queerish sort—but no matter. And now, dear Emily, that brother of your's, and his equally-welcome mother, have put you and your affairs out of joint: but, on consideration, I shall send a young ambassador to-morrow to you, to whom you will, I trust, shew the assurances of your high consideration; and, when he has reported progress, I suppose he will ask leave to come again: but, as to the how long it will take to bring the preliminaries of the treaty into signing, sealing, and delivering, I cannot take upon myself to say, leaving that to Mrs. Melville and

you have been to her as a mother and as a friend."

"My dear sir!" replied Mrs. Clifford, "and Mr. and Mrs. Melville, though my children will lose their tutoress, I gladly resign her, because she deserves promotion in life;—a thing rarely attended to—supposed beneath notice. In this age, when every sophisticated sentiment stands in the stead of common sense, I am sorry to observe how *mere* rank in society goes for the all in all: a noble lady must not be degraded by marrying any *thing* but what is noble, and so on throughout the chapter. Virtue and merit, wherever it is found, however, happens to be the only true nobility; and *I* think, (though my opinion would be deemed revolutionary by the *haut ton*,) that our governess is a match for a duke, and that he would not descend from his stilts, which blind fortune has accidentally popped him in, were he so to ally himself. Such, my

friends, are my opinions. How then could I view this young creature, though here placed by the diversities of fortune, otherwise than as my equal, my friend; for by her conduct I have judged her, and it requires no prescience to pronounce such conduct will wear well in Mrs. Ferrers; and I am heartily rejoiced that it is from my house that her exit is to be made into that sphere which she will do honour to. But I hope, Mr. Manners, you mean not to have Miss Melville away from Clifford-House until she takes Dr. Godfrey's village church in the way. Pray, allow me to be dictator on this occasion, and I dare say the propriety of the penance on Miss Melville will not be disputed by her."

Mr. Manners, after consulting and assenting to this last remark, now proposed to return home; but taking Miss Melville apart, he said, " My dear girl! hitherto all I have had to observe about you, has been before your friends, which,

though it might have distrest you, I wished to have witnessed by others; but there is one favour you now must oblige me in without witnesses, and that is, accepting what I here present you with, viz. a thousand pounds: it will furnish you with your bridal garments and sundry etceteras, independent of your household furniture and other parts of the establishment, all of which I take upon myself; for while I am alive, I do keep Gogmagog Hall indeed, but that is your's afterwards, my amiable Mrs. Ferrers elect!"

"Oh, sir! I really cannot, will not take this immense amount of money; it would craze me: there could be but one mode in which I should apply it, and that would be for the use of my parents, and that you have generously forestalled; as for dresses, without canting, I do most religiously think that it would be actual sin, were I to deprive the numberless poor of many benefits, by

the indulgence of my individual luxury,—no sir! I cannot take it."

"Well, madam! I withdraw my request, and honour your motives; some part of it, however, Emily! you must want."

"One hundred, sir!" will be more than sufficient to honour myself in outward decoration, as worthy of being your guest."

"Well, take the paltry 100*l.*! but the rest, Mrs. Clifford shall receive for your use; and it is my desire you will apply it as your heart directs. And now, my dear girl! tell me truly, did you love my Ferrers?"

"Oh, yes! yes! I could have sacrificed my life to preserve his, so dear was he to me; but the distance between us was so immeasurable, that I did not dare to indulge in the pleasing vision: I struggled to keep it from my dazzled sight, lest I might forget the strict performance of my duties. But, my dear

sir! Mrs. Clifford *could* tell you all, for I poured out my soul to her as a confidant, older and fitter to advise, and she would tell you that with my Ferrers I could share a cottage, and would be still the governess, in simple humility of demeanour; for wealth never for a moment perspectived happiness to me: it is the right use of it which alone forms the great and independent character—we must give an account of our stewardship, you know, Mr. Manners!"

"God bless you, my charming girl! and may you be as happy as you deserve."

"That I am sure to be, sir! for does not he who rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm, see the heart and try the reins? It is he who alone is the judge of motives; and though he chastens those who are his disciples in a mysterious way, still his decrees are immutably just; and so we shall find, for

the finger of Providence is often plain even *here:* it will yet be still more visible in that day, which will vindicate the ways of God to man!"

"Oh, Emily! what a school must you have been brought up in, whose words sink deep into the breast of an old man like myself!"

"My dear mother, sir! taught me humility; she called that the key-stone of the arch, without which, all the rest of the structure became loosened, and in time decayed: and when the tide of adversity set in upon my dear father's frail vessel, and it was shipwrecked, and my brother and myself drifted upon the wide ocean, then indeed it piloted us through the deeps, and through the shallows, when a false pride would have shattered us to pieces; and it preserved us also from meannesses, which the proud are often guilty of, to support their preposterous pretensions."

"Stop, stop, Emily! had twenty Julia

Charlevoix's stood in the way, thou alone were worthy of my Ferrers."

"Oh, sir! there *is* a pang, which you have inflicted: I am not worthy, I never can be worthy of the gentleman and the scholar, united in Mr. Ferrers, who has the true nobility of heart, not only as to its native ore, but refined, polished up to its highest possible beauty; then his manners,—would put the ancient regime of France, and the specious school of Chesterfield to the blush. Oh! he is indeed every inch a Sir Philip Sidney, and I will honour, serve, and love him, all the days of my life; and may Heaven grant that you may live many years to witness it."

"Amen! since I begin to live again in my prospects. But, come, Emily! I see quite enough of the angel about you at this time; we will break up, therefore, our tête-à-tête;—one word more,—don't keep poor Ferrers upon thorns and thistles; but let the village

bells be struck up as soon as possible, if it is only to please me."

"I will in all my best obey you, sir!"

They now walked to the tea-room, where, after partaking of this refreshment, they all returned home, in Mr. Manners's carriage. Emily, with Mrs. Clifford, spent the evening in the most delightfully anticipating observations on the end of these things: and when the hour of repose drew nigh, she, whose approaching felicity was at hand, was not unmindful to offer up her incense of praise, where alone it is due; for He directs all hearts.

But to the party:—On their road home, as it was now dark, nothing occurred, excepting what used to be very common, viz. a highwayman presenting a pistol, after making the carriage stop, and very incivilly requiring their money; but, as Lieut. Melville was not in the habit of having much cash of late, and now having some, he might naturally

wish to keep it, or, perhaps, thinking of his dear mother, he made such a blow between the robber's eyes, that, doubtless, they must have struck fire: however, the pistol dropped, and Robert Melville jumped out; holding his sword to the throat of the highwayman, asked him if he would take it coolly, and surrender, else he should be under the disagreeable necessity of cutting him into shares, like a lottery-ticket. The matter was presently ended; for he tied the fellow's wrists together, placed him behind the coach, and mounted guard over him himself, until they got to the Hall. Mrs. Melville was considerably agitated on her son getting out of the carriage, as there might be more in the gang. Mr. Manners being in the commission of the peace, had the culprit brought before him instantly, and all his people as well as visitors attended. No sooner was the robber's face exposed, and his name asked, than

one of the female servants was heard to scream out, "It is my husband!" and he turned out to be that wretch who had deserted his wife and children, whom Sowerby had relieved at Jenkins's cottage, but who (the wife) had since been taken into Mr. Manners's house, and he had sent all the children to school. The examination was now made in form, and his mittimus to the prison in the neighbouring village made out; "for though I dislike severity," said Mr. Manners, "such rascals must not be loose upon society." "Oh, save! save my husband!" cried the deserted wife, now coming forward, and throwing herself upon her knees before the magistrate. "Good woman! I cannot do that; he has offended the laws, and must suffer. But why do *you* petition for him; you who have already felt his brutality;—to plead for him who even deserted his infants, and left them all perishing?" "Oh, kind, good sir! save him! for he is still

my husband, and the father of my children!" "No!" said Mr. Manners, "I must do my duty. Have you any thing to say for yourself, prisoner?" "No! only, that if I ever catch that there sailor again, I'll serve him out. I'll——" The lieutenant then entreated he might be unbound, adding, "I should like to try that amazingly." "No, sir!" said Mr. Manners, "that would be degrading yourself. Well, prisoner! have you any thing further to say for yourself?" "No! I see you are all against me; but I suppose that she-devil is kept by some of you, and her petition is all my eye,—mere flam." "Bear him away, John! William! Thomas! tie him up well, that he can't escape on the road, for he is too great a villain ever to reform: take him away, and bring me a receipt for his vile body."

Mr. Sowerby now asked the robber's wife, if he was worth saving? She said, that "she *hoped* he *might* reform."

"Never!" said Lieutenant Melville, "until a round dozen or two at the mast is occasionally applied; and I may yet get him on board my ship; we'll tame him though, for I would not like to have him hanged; besides, I shall be obliged, I suppose, to swear that he put me in bodily fear—No! curse me if I'll swear that! so he may still get off somehow, and I'll keep my eye on him."

"Is it not surprising," said Mr. Sowerby, "how these women stick to a man in distress, let him be honest or dishonest. What will they not endure for the man of their choice, even if ever so ill used? A friend of mine knew a lady, who was married to an Irishman, of the name of Macmahon, or Macnamara, or some other Mac, and this faithful spouse, so devotedly fond of her husband, *still* called him by the emphatical name of Mac-my-soul! although the said Mac-my-soul was in the habit of

thrashing her, not occasionally, but repeatedly! It has ever surprised me, that the sex are so in extremes; for, as Waller says,

> They seem as govern'd by a stubborn fate;
> Their love's insuperable as their hate;
> No merit their aversion can remove,
> No ill requital can efface their love."

But we have now to revert to the transactions of Gogmagog-Hall, subsequent to Lord Gondola's quitting it for the very different scene at Fairthorne. It may be recollected, that Lady Charlevoix had, rather *mal-a-propos*, charged Mr. Sewell with a *faux pas* before a whole room-full of company, bent, as it would seem, in her amazing ire, to crush him for ever;—and how the malice of the attack was displayed in visible colours;—and, also, how little end it would have answered, even had it been better founded, in the breast of Lady Julia Charlevoix; for she had not as yet quite bereaved herself of those

à la mode easy notions, which are very observant in high life, and so passed off and over, because in that sphere.' She knew that several gentlemen kept mistresses, who were even married men; *but* she also knew they were the no less received into company, notwithstanding that, but also were on good terms with their ladies, *i.e.* on "fashionable terms," which qualify every thing; as much as to say, "we will not let all the world laugh at, by publishing, our quarrels, resentments, separations, &c. &c.; let *us* wink at one another's *follies!* and then let the world laugh at our intrigues, if they please, and as long as they please, and, as we please ourselves, we will join in the laugh also." This sort of observation, therefore, which the viscount's daughter could not avoid making in the circles she moved in, produced that laxity of moral thinking which induced her to pass over Sewell's supposed guilt as she had done: but that young gentleman, im-

mediately after, called her to account for this latitudinarian way of thinking, and demonstrated that, if her mother's charge had been true, he should not be worthy of her hand, and ought to be discarded, instead of defended! This novel mode of reasoning to Lady Julia, however, opened her eyes still more and more to his merits; and every thing went on so far well. He also preached to her the necessity of obedience to her mother, although she was not the most reasonable mother in the world,—"still she is your mother! In all that concerns your future happiness, Lady Julia! you not only have a voice, but, by the laws of nature, have a deciding vote; and, if I should have the honour of filling a place in your heart, then two votes to one will be in my favour!"

"Ah, Mr. Sewell! you are so bookish, and so clever, I am afraid to talk to you; besides, you read all that passes in my mind, and that is not fair, for we

all have our little secrets; but, if you *would* shut your eyes now, and not look as if you would eat me up, why, then, I would tell you a something."

"Here, then," said Sewell, "I am now blind, and will be—dumb!"

"Well, then, sir! I shall make you my confidant; and first, I must tell you that my mother abominates you, detests you, and vows that I shall never be married, unless I marry a lord!—but this, you'll say, is no secret. Well, then, I very good-naturedly took your part: I said that you was worth a hundred lords with their stars, and garters, and their trumpery,—for so I begin to think it is, when they make such a fuss about it: I said that you looked more fashionable as a gentleman, than the ostler-dressing people who came to our routs: I then —(ah! there you are peeping!)—I then said that I liked a certain gentleman very well, and that he liked me, I thought, and—

"Ah! that I do, more and more, every hour, since you so become endeared to me by your condescension in adopting those ways, which will make you more and more amiable, for your father already dotes upon you"——

"Hey dey! why, Mr. Sewell! you are making love, instead of hearing my confessions."

"I am again both blind and dumb?"

"And, I continued—if *she* had no objection to our union, *I* had none, and, perhaps, that gentleman had not," (pointing to Mr. Sewell, whose eyes happened to be open).

"Oh! you transport me, Lady Julia! to be so honoured by this affectionate avowal!—my life only can repay;—a life which shall be devoted to your happiness, which I swear shall be my only study."

"Ah, Sewell! I have been, for a long time, a great fool; but now, I fear, I have committed myself on the other hand;

and yet, how can I?—for have I not had your instructions, and they all lead to truth and honour? I *have* been very open and candid with you, for you are all sincerity; but you must hear the rest of our dialogue. I then asked what could be her objections; and those consisted, it appears, of your plebeian origin,—want of fortune, and that it was her determination my fortune should be settled upon myself!"

"And so it shall, with all my heart," said her lover: "in fact, I have already proposed that it should to your father, in order to do away the imputation that *might* lie upon me: as to the two other objections, those I cannot wave."

"Well!—(but you will interrupt me,) —I told my mother all my new notions about birth and nobility, &c., which *I* know to be right enough; but this quite exasperated her ladyship, and I then, for once and all, added, that I knew your generous soul would disdain the paltry

insinuation about my fortune; and that, since she yielded to no reason but to her own ridiculous prejudices, that I would have you, whether she pleased or not; and, finally, that not one shilling *should* be settled upon myself! for, I added, I know him better than you do; and, had I an empire to give, he should have it all!"

"Charming, generous girl!—now I will clasp thee in my arms; now I will call thee mine; for were you in the most abject poverty, I should glory in the possession of you. But, my Julia! your mother need not alarm herself: we will run a race of order, moderation, and virtue; and we will both try how to emulate each other in well-doing; for we do not hold the frail tenure of existence for the mere gratifications of self! — we live to be useful. But thou, my little pupil! who hast so kindly taken the lessons of reproof, no longer am I thy master,—but thy servant, and thy sup-

pliant, (falling on his knee); and here I swear, dear Lady Julia! to be all that you wish,—always your lover—aye! even *when* your husband, until death dissevers our union, which may Providence ordain to be far distant, since the goal of felicity is before my eyes, and now within my reach."

But the viscount, at that moment, entered very unceremoniously, and coolly asked Lady Julia, "what Mr. Sewell deserved on being thus caught?"

"That you should give him my hand, *if* it is your will and pleasure," replied his daughter.

"Is it your's, then? eh! Lady Julia?" enquired the viscount.

"Yes, my lord! I cannot help it; the man has had my heart in his keeping some days, and the rest, you know, may as well be thrown into the bargain!"

"Then there, my children! thus I unite you, and Heaven is my witness, that I feel a greater pleasure in the act

than any I have received for years past. May God prosper you both! And now may I hope to be forgiven, when I avow I was a listener, an odious character! but your voices struck my ears, and happy was the opportunity that made me this listener, for I heard such noble sentiments from my daughter Julia, as not only astonished but enraptured me: my eyes are still red with the joyful tear; for where such impulses govern, all must be right. I see my daughter's happiness and true dignity now walking together hand in hand, and in a straight path, not in the crooked and indirect ways which the shallow inhabitants of Noodledom are ever sidling to and in. Mr. Sewell, give me your hand! you will do Charlevoix-House honour, not *vice versa*. But now let me inform you, I have been consulting my lady, whose approbation, however, I cannot gain; but that is immaterial; and, as I sup-

pose, my dear Sewell and Lady Julia! you will not haggle with an old man, who loves you both, about money matters, such as deeds, settlements, leases, &c. perhaps you will leave those to me, and the arrangement of the wedding also, which I will have celebrated with the utmost publicity, and every servant shall have his white favour; and if that won't make it as public as possible, I know not what will. What say you both, shall Charlevoix-House this day fortnight become the Temple of Hymen?"

"Why—yes—my lord! since you will have it so. But is not the viscount in a great hurry, Mr. Sewell?"

"Oh, no! I disagree with your ladyship there," said Mr. Sewell.

"And now, my children, as no time must be lost, here are blank cheques upon Coutts's house, upon which you may draw (for the present) up to five thousand pounds, by way of starting

with," handing them to Sewell, who shuffled them to Lady Julia, who again returned them to him, saying, "I must have my own way in something, sir! I will not draw a penny, now or ever. Here is my lord and master, my banker, and my benefactor, for he has given me what is more valuable than gold,—the sense to see my own unworthiness and his merits."

"My lord," said Mr. Sewell, "*we* receive this kindness at your hands with a deep sense of the obligation: while we shew a becoming splendour as the children of Lord Viscount Charlevoix, we will convince you that your uncommon liberality shall not be abused. But, my lord! had we not better now present ourselves to Lady Charlevoix; perhaps she may look kindly on us."

"As you please; but it is unnecessary, as she knows my mind," replied the viscount.

They, however, did solicit and get an audience: but they might as well have bid the pyramids of Egypt dance a minuet, as move her ladyship, whose heart was harder than adamant to any thing but "my lord," and "your grace!" and, as argument had as little effect, though backed by a majority of three to one, the young couple were resolved to make themselves happy their own way, and the viscount equally so to help, succour, and support them, in this their wise resolution. Thus was this affair brought to as happy a termination as possible, considering the numerous sly manœuvres which Lady Charlevoix was continually hatching and plotting, but all of which miscarried. Mr. Sewell now proposed to Lady Julia, a ride to Fairthorne, where was that benefactor to them both; Lord Gondola, whose unhappiness at the death of the daughter of his friend, was not more than com-

mensurate with her virtues. Lord Char-levoix desired the carriage to be got ready for them, with two outriders; and as the young couple were determined to pay all respect to the lady mother, she was invited to make a third, which was indignantly rejected, saying, "the whole scheme was meant to insult her." The Quaker received them with much urba-nity, and, during their short visit, told the story of his daughter's illness and death. They were affected, and Lady Julia deeply so: her propriety of beha-viour could not but be now noticed by Lord Gondola, and was expressed, also, by him in some becoming observations to that effect. "Ah, my lord!" said Lady Julia, "I am no longer that frivo-lous fool you once knew me. Here is my lord and husband that is to be, he will explain the metamorphosis better than I can; but I suppose I must pay him off when I have him under petticoat government. But to you, my Lord

Gondola! we owe much; and our happiness hereafter will have alloy, if you do not honour us with your presence. I have, indeed, yet much to unlearn as well as to learn; but my master here is patient, and I am a voluntary pupil to him; and, trust me, gentlemen! I shall never again disdain to be put right, for a little self-knowledge has already taught me humility!"

"My dear Lady Julia!" said Lord Gondola, "I wish you joy! that noble young man,—noble in heart, I mean,—whom you have taken under your *left* wing, is one I so much honour, for his literary attainments and his probity, that, you may rely upon it, we shall be much together; for he is a great bookworm, you know, and I suppose we shall now see him with piles of volumes, high as monuments!"

"Therein, my dear friend!" said Mr. Sewell, "I fear I shall be extravagant; for if I am to be hobby-horsically in-

clined, as most men are, in one way or another, that will be my failing. *If* envy ever did get into this breast, it was in this particular: the possession of a fine library always appeared to me the acmé of enjoyment."

"Well, Mr. Sewell!" replied Lady Julia, "if you will only permit me to be your librarian, I will this instant guarantee to you my father's library, and he has as many books as would fill the Lord Mayor's barge: I am sure he will not refuse *me* that small request, when made for *you!*"

"Friend Sewell! and friend Charlevoix! (or whatever else is thy name, for we do not acknowledge thy title)," said Ephraim Capper, "I wish thee joy; and I pronounce thee a happy couple! Keep the fear of God before thy eyes, for it is the beginning of wisdom! Do not break the Sabbath! for that is the most important of all the commandments;

but, alas! too commonly disregarded in elevated rank. Let your good works *shine*,—so shall thee be judged, not by the vain and foolish, but by those who *think*. Thy husband, damsel! that is to be, I have seen here before, and he is worthy of thee, or any woman, for I have watched him. Be thou careful to preserve his virtues bright and pure, in his approaching ordeal of prosperity; for it is very trying, and often unnerves even the wisest. Thou wilt pardon my friendly advice, for *I* had a daughter too, to whom I would have given the same." —But here the good old Quaker walked to the window, to hide a tear!—

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And—if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refin'd and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

"My dear sir! I sincerely thank you," (said Lady Julia,) "and I get more proud of this gentleman every day, since I find him a favourite wherever I go."

"Your ladyship," said Mr. Sewell, "must not judge by the partiality of my friends. It has rarely been the lot of an individual, like myself, to have found such. Chance threw me into Mr. Manners's house: where is there such a Mæcenas? his urbanity, and that of Mr. Ferrers, made my stay long,—to say nothing of the scantiness of my funds. Chance threw there his lordship and yourself: where else could I have met with such generous disinterested treatment, as I have from his hands, as a friend,—from your's, as my future companion for life? Indeed, when I reflect on these things, I am subdued with a sense of unworthiness, in not meriting half I now enjoy, nor half that I have the prospect of enjoying. But you, my kind friend, Mr. Capper!

whose testimony in my favour to this lady, I value more than rubies, how shall I thank you? Time hence I may better shew my gratitude, and my sense of the value of your advice.—But now we must take our leave!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a Lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd;
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

DRYDEN.

LADY Julia Charlevoix and Mr. Sewell returned to the Hall, where they found

that my Lord Famble had made his exit, and that Lady Shuffle had volunteered herself for his unicorn, pretending an engagement in London; for the viscount having publicly announced to every soul then at Gogmagog, the early nuptials of his daughter with Mr. Sewell, that lady, who had shewn an unaccountable hostility to the latter gentleman, by aiding and abetting Lady Charlevoix, did not find the Hall would be the most comfortable place to stop at. It was also thinned of the tall and spare figure of Miss Grace Gaskin, who had somehow, in this instance, simpered away her respectability, by endeavouring to simper away Mr. Sewell's character, by way of ingratiating herself with Lady Charlevoix, and to get invited to her routs. Miss Grace, therefore, bent her reluctant steps (for she was very politely told by Mr. Manners that her presence could be dispensed with on this occasion) to the Reverend Doctor Godfrey's, where she

had been formerly a guest: but that doctor had left orders with the servant, whenever she came, to say, that he was engaged, and should be, most probably, for some months! "But tell *my friend*, Doctor Godfrey! I am come to clear up an error, in which my character for honour and fidelity is at stake; tell him a lady is below, and he cannot be so ungallant as not to come down, at least." "Noa!" replied the servant, "it wo'ant do;—it's all my eye: we all knows our pleaces well enow; I shan't stir from this door, MissGaskin! if you stand catterwauling there for a month: I tell'ee, that measter don't want to zee ye at all." "Fellow! how dare you talk thus to a lady, who calls on business!" "Yees, yees! we knows all about it;" (laughing) "your business is, to pam yoursel here for as long as ye can get your board and lodging, and the devil of a tester has ye given to any of us." "Then, sir! you won't let me in?—I am come on Mr. Sewell's

business."—"What! arn't thee asheamed to shew thy ugly feace here, after those lies—tarradiddles! I mean,—that you told about him? Well! I thought an ourang-outang wouldn't have been guilty of the like of that. But it won't do, madam! so I shall begin to whistle—'Had I a heart for falsehood framed.'—" And, so saying, Zekiel clapped his back against one side of the door, and his legs across to the other, so as to bar a forcible entry, as he had already assured her no cajoling would do for him.

Miss Gaskin, therefore, as *she* could not get reparation for the suspicious character she had unnecessarily acquired, visited Mrs. Clifford's, as well as the Quaker's at Fairthorne. At both places she was admitted, indeed, for they had heard of her malicious story; but she received *such* an admonition, that it is said she has not forgot it, nor is it likely she ever will; for, in addition to that lecture, they both had the

civility to tell her, the servant would shew her the door, which they requested she would never again presume to enter. Thus was Miss Grace excluded from all those quarters, in this part of the country, where she made her periodical savings, by the board and lodging thus obtained. The other *dear* friends of Miss Gaskin now came in for a double portion of her presence; and, by her obsequiousness, it is supposed she will be ousted no more; for a burnt child dreads the fire.

Miss Gaskin's history has been but brief, but, upon the whole, long enough; for we are sorry to add, that, while she could thus demean herself, to prevent expending more than one-fifth of her income, she was known to have some thousands in the funds, and some poor relations, also, who wanted assistance: but it was her invariable rule (she used to say) never to lend, but to *give*—when

she had it in her power: unfortunately, that time never came,—for she could not sell out to do that;—stocks were too low, and so on: by which she was at last set down as an old useless creature, who loved herself too dearly. Mr. Fentum, another of the party, was highly delighted with all that was going on. As he was of the Epicurean philosophy, thinking this the best of all possible worlds, and that enjoyment of any sort was the principal business of life, he heartily congratulated himself and all around, on the prospects now displayed, which, partaking neither of priestcraft nor aristocratical politics, were the more welcome. He failed, however, in making proselytes of the two Benedicks to his broad schemes of reform; for, though Mr. Ferrers and Mr. Sewell were true patriots, they chose to remain whigs, rather than to embark in the boundless ocean of suffrage, and its concomitant

rant, made by the much-to-do-about-nothing people, who *may* know a hawk from a hand-saw, but, as to their further capabilities—Heaven bless us! Mr. Fentum, therefore, could not succeed so far as to inoculate them with this theory, and he tried no further; for he was well-tempered and conciliating, and only in print shewed an asperity of language, as he thought occasion required.

Mr. Sowerby, perhaps, felt more elated than any one, because he was conscious of being, in this instance, a most successful busy-body: he had been the steam-engine that set all the wheels going; and as those machines burst sometimes, so had he been under the necessity of affronting here and there, that is, of boiling over. To Lady Julia he was now as a father; yet he shewed it in his usual odd way. To Lady Julia's mother he was a worse torment

than imagination ever conceived, for nothing pleased him so much as some such daily conversation as this—

"Oh! Lady Jar—Jar—Char! what's your name?—I beg pardon, but—he! he! I always forgets names—" ("Charlevoix, sir! you know, is my name.")—"Oh! Lady Charlevoix, true—dear me! Pray, when is the wedding-day?"

"Don't ask me, sir! ask the wicount: I shan't condescend to sanction, by my presence, such wulgar ways: Nobody will wisit them, I'm sure."

"I hope you will ask me, Lady Faux Pas!—Char!—Dear me! it is very perplexing, not to remember names:—Have you Debrett about ye?"

"Sir! Mr. Sourboy! or whatever's your filthy name, I tell you, I shall not be at the ceremony; and I do not wear pockets, to carry about such big books as Debrett's Peerage gets now."

"Come, my Lady Carnival!—Char-

levoix! I mean, don't be cross. Pray, how shall I look with this white favour stuck in my hat; for I shall sport it soon?" (pulling out a profusion of white ribbon, made like a rose).

"Look? Why, quite ridickeylouse, to be sure; an old fellow like you!"

"But, consider the happy occasion!"

"They are all mad, and you worse than all!"

"So I am—mad with joy.—I say,—I hear the bride has not a penny fixed upon her:—all generously done, without stipulation, as it should be. None of that paltry, mean, despicable advice, somebody put into her head, *told*—did it? It wouldn't do even with Lord Famble!—Oh! what fun he made of it!"

"Mr. Sow! or Sour! for you are more like werjuice than winegar, I scorn your insiniwations: I shall tell my friend, Lord Famble, of your insolence; and he will suit the haction to the word, as

my once-dear Julia used to say. But, let me tell you, sir! not a penny shall that Sewell have of my money!"

"Oh, yes, he will, 'depend upon it; he's got such a long head, he'll compass any thing. Why, I should not at all wonder if he condescends to take *you* in hand, to make something decent of you yet, as he has been so successful with the daughter.—No, I should not, upon my word. Besides, he will have more time; and, if you behave well, who knows but he may let you live at Chalevoix-House a little longer, and allow you a little black boy to carry your ridicule; one pug to play with; and your friend, Miss Grace Gaskin, for your companion; and, perhaps, sometimes accommodate you with the family carriage,—that is, provided your personal carriage is suitable and pleasing.—Shall I put in a word for you? eh?"

"Oh, you ugly, monstrous wretch! to dare to talk in this here sort of way;

to insult an unprotected woman thus. Oh! oh! oh! I shall die!"

"No, my lady! don't die; for then they are sure to have all!"

"I will make my will directly."

"And I will witness it: in fact, I made mine not ten days ago, and presented 22,000*l*. to Miss Melville."

"What, sir! you worth all that sum, and give it all away?"

"Yes, Lady Char—! what's your name? 'tis all gone, like this wine I am about to drink.—Here's to your reformation, ma'am!—my lady! I mean."

"But what did you give all that propty away for?"

"Why, 'tis a way I have got: I like to make people happy. You are different; you like to be miserable, and make others so; but I am the more successful of the two. Now only look at the young couple, how they are billing and cooing!"

"Psha! I hates to see 'em."

"Then I would recommend you to wear a yellow cockade, when they go to St. George's, Hanover Square, for that's the fashionable church. I was about to recommend their going to Gretna Green, by easy stages, and to see the country as they went on: it would not cost above a thousand! the price of two of your ecstatic routs. But, bless me! they are so impatient: only see again how they are billing and cooing;—*there* —d'ye see? they are hanging over one another like Romeo and Juliet.—Ah, sweets!"

"Psha! you are quite ridickeylouse; any body may see what he's after—my daughter's money; and the fool of a wicount is blind."

"Where did you say they spend the honey-moon? Ah! ah! at his lordship's seat, near Reading; a very pretty three-stagetour. Let me see,—four hours; aye—all right! God bless them both, I say.

Come, my lady, a glass of wine to their happiness.—Here's to those who are to perpetuate the House of —— what's your name?'

"Sir! your banteration of my priwileges as a wicountess and a mother, shan't make me wary a bit from my way of thinking, depend upon it: while I am here, I must put up with all I receive."

"Sewell" (talking to himself, but loud enough to be heard) "is a very, very handsome young man. Who'd have supposed he would have looked down upon that whipper-snapper bit of a thing, —that ape of fashion? though not half so ignorant as her mother, who knows as much about the Tun (as she calls it) as I do of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Well! it is surprising he should ever take her in hand, to make her what she now is,—a very decent, proper, modest-behaved young woman: but since he has, and since *she* knows how to deport herself, I will stoop, for once, to take wine with

one, whom her frantic mother always called Lady Julia Wilhelmina Augusta Charlevoix!—rubbish!" (aloud) "Mrs. Sewell elect, your health, my dear!"

"Thank'ye, good Mr. Sowerby!" replied Lady Julia.

"Upon my word, Mr. Sourcrout! you amuse yourself, I find, as you please; but I heard every word of your soli-lilly-quee: it was worthy of Wapping, where you come from—the Tun never talk to themselves!"

(Mr. Sowerby proceeding as before.)—"Let me see,—shall I take wine with the *wi*count? as that old goose calls him, she who pretends to put other people to rights, and can't put herself so. Yes, I will, though he doesn't deserve it,—a tame, easy fool, to put up, for so many years, with such insufferable pride and ignorance as he has done,—sooner than *I* would though, I'd squeeze her to atoms,"—(grinding his teeth, and crunching the empty wine-glass in his hand).

"You would?—would you, sir?—but your wengeance is upon yourself, for you have cut your fingers in the scrunch, and I'm glad of it: you'd anatemize me! would you?"

"Did you address me, mad—Lady Charlevoix, I mean?"

"Yes! Mr. Talk-to-yourself—Sour-boy! I did."

"But, why? *I* was speaking of a woman so totally lost and sunk in folly, that, were I to explain, I could not make *you* comprehend what I say or mean. She, that I alluded to, madam! was very nearly ruining her only child, and, because she could not completely do it, chose to make herself a fool and an ideot, in not being sorry for her past acts. Now, madam! what do you think of such a character? I own it did exasperate me in my soliloquy, and I have broke a glass and cut my finger; but, had I to do with such a virago, I'd cut the matter short, both as to herself and

her cherry-bounce: she should live upon bread and water for six months; have her head shaved, and wear a red flannel night-cap and blue linsey-woolsey gown, and then be made to say her prayers in the vulgar tongue ten times a day; and if that wouldn't cure her,—then——"

"And what then?"

"Put her in Chancery, madam!"

"Mr. Sowerby, I recollect your name, to tell you, that you are the greatest brute in England! I knew all the time who you meant,—you meant me! but, know, sir! there is such dignity in nobility, that I shall wisit your impotence with silent contempt!"

"Pray, my lady! did you ever know any people of the low, vulgar, Wapping sort of names in India, as a Miss Molly Molasses? or her friend, Mrs. Benwell?"

Her ladyship was silent, but turned up her nose at the querist.

"My lord, viscount! I have the honour to drink your health; sincerely

wishing you joy at the approaching festivity, which must pervade the house of Charlevoix !"

"Mr. Sowerby!" replied the viscount, "I thank you, with all my heart; and as the union of Mr. Ferrers and Miss Melville will probably not take place quite as soon as my daughter's with Mr. Sewell, I here most urgently request the honour of all your company on that day."

The whole then, individually, expressed their pleasure at the news; and Mr. Sowerby, after replying to the viscount, said to the lady, his neighbour:—

"It's your business to invite the ladies; why don't you get up, and make a fine speech on the joyful occasion? Oh! ah! true! I forgot;—you are going to *sport* sulky;—I never talks to no sulky people, my Lady Che-Char-Chaw-what's your name?"

And so ended this lady's persecution, for that day, on the part of Mr. Sowerby,

who had even bled in the service—of bringing her to reason.

Mr. Caustic was still there, and Lady Caloric, Mr. and Mrs. Fauconberg, and Mr. La Trobe.—And we now arrive at that evening, when the Melvilles accompanied Mr. Manners on his return from Clifford-Lodge; and after whose business, as a magistrate, was discharged, he told Mr. Ferrers, that all he might wish to hear about his future lady, would be better displayed by the three Melvilles, father, mother, and son. That young man's heart was indeed made full-glad, by the news of approbation conveyed to him from such authentic sources, and more so afterwards, by Mr. Manners, who went over again the private and confidential communication he had had with Emily. "Oh, Ferrers!" he continued, "what a jewel you will possess in that young woman! mature sense, united to all the youthful graces

of person; disinterested; so totally unswayed by the temptation of wealth, that the young baggage would only be obliged to me for 100*l.* instead of 1000*l.*, which I presented to her. And now, Ferrers! I may wish you joy; for her sentiments are favourable towards you. The carriage shall be ready for you as soon as you will to-morrow morning;—make the best of your time,—but mind though, and be tender of your leg,—while I arrange the rest of this matrimonial *materiel!*—But to supper, for I am fatigued."

And now mirth and hilarity prevailed, for none were discontented, excepting Lady Charlevoix; and what was she among so many? The young stranger, Lieutenant Melville, told his adventures, since his abrupt parting with his parents: —"What could I do else, Mr. Manners? To be a burthen to my dear father and mother any longer, were impossible; yet my step was an odd one, for I romanti-

cally had made up my mind to be the founder of my future fortune: true, I might have gone from counting-house to counting-house, among my father's old connexions, and, by bowing and submitting to the taunts which were sure to be levelled against his poverty, have indeed so found my level: fortunately, I inherited my father's pride and spirit, who never did bow the knee to Baal, however finely decorated, or whatever country-houses he might dwell in. I therefore, after the heart-breaking, last, long, lingering look at the floor, which contained all that both duty and inclination bid me love, with tears in my eyes, and a heart loaded with sorrow, walked on towards Portsmouth. I was well-dressed, and had some money in my pocket, which I was resolved to economize, against the worst. By this time I got to Kingston. I went into the parlour of the ———, and, calling for a glass of ale, enquired the road and next stage to-

wards Portsmouth, when a gentleman in the room, who seemed particularly agreeable in conversation, and whom I afterwards found out was a commercial traveller, addressed me:—'Sir! my next stoppage is at Guildford; and if you will accept a seat in my gig, it is at your service.' The generosity and confidence of the act struck me so much at the time, that I could have shed tears of gratitude. During the journey, however, he was indirectly very inquisitive, which I declined satisfying, as—who I was? where I lived? what business took me to Portsmouth? where I put up there, &c.? However, I settled it, by saying, Hand me your card, sir! and when fortune smiles upon me, then you shall hear from, or see me. But what apologies he then made! for he never suspected my poverty; insisted upon my sleeping at Guildford, as he should go on in the morning to Petersfield, where he must drop me, as he had a relation there.

Never shall I forget the nobleness of this man's conduct, and what an evening I spent with this intelligent set of men: it was very necessary too, for the thought of home needed driving away by some means. On the following morning, I called for my bill, while my unknown friend was out with his patterns; but the waiter told me it was paid. I remonstrated with this gentleman, to whom I was become an incumbrance; but he smiled, and changed the subject. Finally, he delivered me at Petersfield, with many a hearty wish for my prosperity, and I at length arrived at Portsmouth. After much hesitation, I addressed a naval officer with two epaulettes, telling him my desire to go in any capacity on board a ship-of-the-line, or frigate; and that I would convince him of my willingness and ability to please. "What's your name?"—"That, sir! I beg to decline giving." "Then I can say nothing to you—why do you object?"—"Only, sir!

on account of our family misfortunes." "Are you sure that is all?"—"As heaven is my future hope." "Well! this is an odd affair: call upon me at the Fountain, at six o'clock this evening, and I'll think about it in the interim."—"Pardon me, sir! I would not intrude: may I entertain *some* hopes?"—"You may, for I see you are in tears; but those don't become a sailor!" "If you knew more, sir! you would not censure them."—"Nor do I, my honest lad! let me see you at six, and enquire for Captain Hamilton, of the Spitfire." With what agitation I waited for the appointed time! I thought it an age: at length it arrived, and I was introduced into a parlour, where sat three other gentlemen in naval uniforms. "Well, young man! take a seat; you say you want a birth: I have been consulting my first-lieutenant here, and he says he can make room for a new hand; but those hands of your's, I fear, are too delicate for hard work!"

—"Try me, sir! and I will dare all my strength is equal to,—to please you, and do my duty." "Well spoken, and well promised! But, my lad! we *must* know who you are; I hope no runaway?"— "Oh, sir! could not you dispense with a recital of a gentleman's misfortunes, I his eldest son; and must you have name and late residence?" "Why, this (addressing his company) is quite romantic—such as we read in novels when we are becalmed at sea, and nothing to do." They smiled; but I saw I was rather in favour than otherwise. Captain Hamilton then insisted upon my joining the table, and partaking of their wine. "If, young man! the questions I have put to you have given you pain, though they are usual ones, I am sorry; for once, I will wave every other enquiry, and will take you into my ship; but your real name I should have, and, as I see you incapable of dishonour, give it me."—"Robert Melville, said I; and

then I detailed as much as I thought necessary to clear myself of any imputation, and they generously stopped me in the middle."

"Can you write?" said one of the company.—"Yes, sir! in English, French, or Latin."

"This completely set the table in a roar, and disconcerted me extremely: but I was soon relieved, on Captain Hamilton saying, "You must overlook our mirth, for we ought rather to blush at your rivalling us in point of education. But are you bent upon this rough profession, which nought but interest, or dire necessity, would drive a man into; for, with your qualifications, you ought to earn in the City more than a first-lieutenant's pay, without facing either the battle or the breeze, beyond the cockney squalls at the Jamaica, Garraway's, or the Stock-Exchange, where the bulls, bears, and lame ducks, I am told, are more noisy than a storm in the

Bay of Biscay; but, as you have your reasons, I shall probe you no further. Do you know navigation?"—"No, sir!" "Have you any knowledge of mathematics?"—"O yes, Captain Hamilton!" "Well, Lieutenant Dampier! you are the nearest to his own age, as you return on board to-night, take Melville with you, and shew him every good office you can, for my sake."—"Oh, my noble and brave captain," replied Lieutenant Dampier, "that I will, never fear! But the lad must have proper clothes," addressing me. "Have you any money?"—"Yes; I have about three pounds." "Well, we will go to our slop-merchant presently, and have you properly rigged out; and I would advise you to sell those things you have on, before we metamorphose you into the hardy tar."

"But, ladies and gentlemen," continued Robert Melville, "to make short of a long story, all this was done, and we sailed to Spithead in such a sea, and

in such a storm, and at night too, that I begun to repent sacrificing my life so: but the lieutenant and boat's crew laughed, and only called it a sheep's-head of a wind. Captain Hamilton promoted me in two or three instances, during a cruise off the coast of Spain, and then made me a midshipman; and, by hard study at Moore's book, and hard practice, I call myself a seaman, and am very fond of the profession; for, under the unpolished manners of a naval officer, hearts of oak in friendship are generated, which, being incapable of meanness and hypocrisy, are, though less refined, the glory of the British character: and thus ends my cruise. But how sufficiently can I thank Mr. Manners? Never! never! can I repay him, until my sword is drawn as a commander: and then it shall be seen whether Robert Melville has done his duty."

Mr. Caustic, who had listened with great satisfaction to this open and fear-

less tar, added, "Mr. Melville, hereafter you must never open your lips to any one about your promotion, for it has been achieved a little left-handed. We can do these things to serve our friends, and Mr. Manners I esteem too highly to have hesitated at such a service. But, say nothing where you are appointed, for you are about to see the world, young man! I doubt if you will return these two years. In the mean time, your name is down in my red-ink list, and we will see what more can be done for you."

Lady Caloric enquired where he was to go?

"To the East-Indies, my lady!"

"Oh! I should dearly like to go there. Couldn't I go in a ship of the line, Mr. Caustic?"

"No, my lady! But the Company have vessels more elegantly convenient, for the sex; for there are whole troops of them go out every season."

"Bless me! what for?"

"To be married, my lady! Upon a voyage of merchandise, themselves the commodity, and I suppose the youngest and best looking go to the best bidders. What pretty marketting it must be at Calcutta or Madras, to see the dear, panting, hoping, lingering, dying daughters of Albion in the first awful probationary ball-room, when they are taken by the hand by the partner in the dance, who is to be, perhaps, partner for life. But why do *you* want to go there, my lady?"

"Not to be sold like a wife in Smithfield, sir!"

"Oh, Lady Caloric! as for that, all is conducted with appropriate delicacy; for, as agreeable women are idolized every where, there, where there is a scarcity of them, I can assure you there is quite a snatch for—But what can you wish to see there?"

"The ruins, sir, of Mahommedan

temples, the system of the Brahmins, the burning of widows, the triumphant career of the idol of Jaggernaut——"

"Rather, my lady! I should hope you would wish to see the triumphant march of the missionaries, to destroy the most barbarous idolatry, next to the Chinese, that ever disgraced any portion of the globe—Burning of widows, indeed!"

Now Lady Caloric merely meant, that she would, if there, witness all that was for or against India locally: but Mr. Caustic artfully brought his own conscientious cant in, as usual; for he cared, in reality, less about the conversion of Hindoos, than the conversion of so many gold pagodas into his pocket. But he always talked and wrote in this manner, thoroughly legitimate and orthodox; but within, all was a tinkling cymbal, that only sounded to a regular jingle of cash and reputation. Lady Caloric, however, defended herself with

spirit: and Mr. Caustic apologized; which we have remarked many to be very capable of, who have previously made the most unwarrantable remarks, to gratify their momentary spleen:—the poison remains, though the arrow is extracted.

Mr. La Trobe defended the conduct, character, and the enterprise, of the missionaries, against the open ridicule of Mr. Fentum; and he did it ably, for it is no such difficult matter; for ridicule, in some cases, is

> A kind of smile
> That ne'er came from the lungs,

and not always the test of truth. The sneerers at the abolition of the slave-trade employed this weapon; and Mr. Wilberforce and the philanthropists received it, but brushed away the heat-drops as they fell: And what has been the glorious result?

Such was the evening conversation:

and, as the night grows to waste, we shall put them all to bed, where the required rest depended upon the administering to themselves; for

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble, too, as not to scorn
 The meanest country cottages:
 His poppy grows among the corn.
The halcyon sleep will never build his nest
 In any stormy breast.
 'Tis not enough that he doth find
 Clouds and darkness in the mind;
 Darkness but half his work will do;
'Tis not enough, he must find quiet too.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,—
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

STEPHENS.

ON the succeeding morning, soon as

The herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song,

much of the company at Gogmagog-Hall were in exercise: but none resembled the lark more than the two impatient lovers, but whose auroras, in point of fact, had not left their downy beds,—for such they were, who not only feel the pleasures of hope, but also see it in a near fruition.

Mr. Ferrers in due time arrived at Clifford Lodge. But who can describe the transports of the lovers' meeting? when the sweet intermixture of mutual faith becomes expressed, not merely in words, but in eyes that speak still more, even unspeakable joys to the other's fond gaze; for the verbal language of genuine love is all imperfection, unconnected, hesitating, confused, the fear to trespass, and the fear, on the other hand, lest too much should be granted, or said, or even looked. Yet is there still a mighty eloquence in love, to judge by effects, which, notwithstanding the above trepidations, can be so pregnant with mutual delight. Mr. Ferrers was an allowed suitor on all hands, therefore his joy was commensurate: and, as we are not able to detail those soft breathings of a passion which was felt by a couple of very sensible beings, and, perhaps, if we did, we should disappoint

the reader in this grand climax of all, we shall merely add, that each thought their happiness nearly superhuman, and feared it was too great, too glorious, to be lasting. But this anticipating thought, though it was most natural, in thinking people, was incorrect, as we might hereafter shew. Emily had that morning, although with a mind superior to art, dressed herself in unusual elegance: about her cheeks played not only the living roses of health, but a mantling blushing confusion, incidental to the scene, also irradiated her fine countenance; and then her lover, in *her* eyes, outvied a glorious Apollo, for his natural health was not only restored, but his cast of countenance appeared more interesting to her fancy than usual, perhaps caused by his long illness; for, however odd it is, there is that feeling even when we view Mr. Kemble's personation of the Stranger, and prefer such to the chubby, fat family coach-

man,—a ruddy fellow, and full of vulgar health. Our pair had all the day before them, for Miss Melville had now no longer the task of teaching young ideas how to shoot: she had to teach herself moderation, in the view of her unbounded happiness, and she succeeded: yet was she playful and merry; and, as her conversation expanded upon one topic after another, her idolizing lover hung over her in rapture, astonished, not only at her understanding, but the deep reflection which evidently pervaded her character. As it is not possible to follow lovers through all the thousand meanderings of their talk, which flows grateful and fertilizing, we shall merely observe, that Mr. Ferrers spent the whole day there; and the last half hour

He kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,
As if his soul flew upward to his lips,
To meet her's there, and panted at the passage.

And another last half hour, and another, were prolonged, until his reluct-

ance to part with her was of no further avail, unless he meant to stay all night; he therefore returned to Gogmagog Hall, and regularly, as clock-work, spent every day after this at Clifford-House; nor even once dreamt of books, men, women, or any thing that is upon the earth, excepting Emily Melville.

In the mean time, the heads of houses (in the University phrase) had laid their heads together to effect the suitable *materiel* for the accommodation of these couples; and, in a close Divan, held in Mr. Manners's private study, he called a council, consisting of Viscount Charlevoix, Mr. Sowerby, Mr. La Trobe, Mr. Fauconberg, and the elder Mr. Melville. "Gentlemen!" said Mr. Manners, "I have to consult you upon a weighty affair, and this it is: here are a young man and woman about to marry, notwithstanding all that Mr. Malthus says; and, as it is generally believed that love itself cannot live upon flowers, therefore

some provision must be made to keep that love alive by certain comforts, which custom I suppose has made indispensable, such as a house to dwell in, with the eatables and drinkables that are, somehow or other, daily wanted. Now, being possessed of sundry goods and chattels, certain consols, and India bonds, I had formerly some thoughts of leaving the whole to one Ferrers, the male lover in question, to him and to his heirs for ever, *after* my death; but, upon reconsideration, my friends! I find that, in such case, my fortune will be impaired, or lessened, to the serious amount of thirty thousand pounds, by the operation of a comical tax, called the 'Legacy Duty Act!' Now, as life is uncertain, I do think I should not compliment myself *so* much as to lose all this money, by keeping it *until* I die; for, though our friend Caustic defends the accumulation of the revenue, in order that such sums may be squandered on

favourites and sycophants, I do not see it in the same light; therefore, gentlemen! he that is of this opinion, let him say, Aye!—(Aye, aye, aye, aye!)—He that is of the contrary opinion, let him say, No!—The ayes have it. Gentlemen! the next proposition I make, for the serious consideration of this committee, is a very uncommon one, certainly; but it grows out of my former argument: It is, that I should bereave myself of, and become poorer than I was yesterday, by one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and that that sum should *now* be given to William Ferrers and Emily his wife, and to their heirs for ever! He that is of that opinion, let him say, Aye!"

Mr. Melville rose—"Sir! your will must be law; but *I* dare not say aye, being an interested party. Oh, sir! I feel——"

"Gentlemen!" continued Mr. Manners, "we will proceed, for the ayes

have it in the second proposition. The third and last is, that they should add the name of Manners to their plebeian title.—(Aye! aye! aye!) Gentlemen! I thank you for your attention; but, before I leave the chair, allow me to add, that my lawyers will be here to-morrow, to prepare; that the wedding will be celebrated here on the 20th instant; and that the lovers will immediately set off to a small seat I have in the country, there to pass the honey-moon; and so God bless them!"

Viscount Charlevoix then rose, and said, "As the speaker has left the chair, I will take it." And then addressed the committee as follows:

"Gentlemen!" said the viscount, "you will be pleased to take into consideration a communication which I am authorised to lay before you: It is no less than a money-bill, which, I doubt not, you will pass with the same *sang froid* as is done elsewhere on other oc-

casions. There cannot be lighter subjects to discuss than the appropriation of a few thousands a year;—I have a precedent for what I say; and I therefore hope, gentlemen! I shall obtain *your* votes also. The preceding speaker has forestalled many of my arguments; I shall therefore only observe, that Mr. Sewell, who, perhaps, is known to many members of this house, having performed some acceptable services, I propose that that gentleman, and a female, named Lady Julia Charlevoix, shall have a pension, for their joint lives, of eight thousand a year, which pension shall cease at the death of Lord Viscount Charlevoix, and then all that he possesses to be their's and their heir's for ever. He that is of that opinion, let him say Aye! —(Aye! aye! aye!) The ayes have it. —That this bill be engrossed to-morrow.—(Aye! aye! aye!)

"Gentlemen of Gogmagog-House! the labours of the committee are closed."

As the preceding formalities were carried on with the utmost gravity, the effect was the greater. And now, mutual congratulations passed. " Well," said Mr. Sowerby, " it will be quite a Westminster-Hall here to-morrow; but *I* shall get out of the way, for I thoroughly abominate law."

" It is necessary, however," said Mr. Manners

" Yes!" returned Mr. Sowerby, " the endless reiteration of—The said William Manners, he the said, he the said, as aforesaid, nevertheless, he the said, whereby, he the said, notwithstanding, he the said. Now really, if all this barbarous tautology is necessary, poor Cicero's reports (the Roman lawyer) are next to useless."

" Come, come, Sowerby!" said Mr. Fauconberg, " the law has its abuses, like every thing else; so has the church, the medical profession, the army, and the navy; and, while human nature

lasts, such will ever be, though as many volumes were written to mend it, as would fill the Pacific Ocean. But, let us turn to those two generous men who give a proper current to the stream of wealth; and, in the name of all the rest, I will express to them our high admiration at their conduct. May they, who share this bounty, be ever grateful to you both, and prudent in its use."

Upon their breaking up, Mr. Sowerby encountered Lady Charlevoix—"Ah, my lady! give me your hand—I wish you joy!"

"Of what, sir?"

"Of what! do you ask? Why, don't you know? Of Mr. Sewell's and Lady Julia Sewell's establishment, to be sure! I thought you would do mischief by your opposition; you'll be the sole cause, *if* their brains should get turned by their great prosperity."

"Why, what has the wicount been at?"

"You are not worth a penny, my lady! You think, perhaps, of your settlement:—it won't do; you deceive yourself: and your stupid airs go so far, as to ruin your own cause. You will become eclipsed, forgot, same as if you were dead. You'll not be quiet, until the viscount gives Sewell every shilling. I did not think that any woman could be so blind, even to her own interest!"

"Oh, Mr. Sow—Sowerby! I begin to be sorry; my wain hopes I see could newer be fulfilled. What would you have me do?"

"Do?—Why, be reconciled, to be sure; then you do what is right. But, are you *now* sincere? Eh! no new tricks or games to be played off?"

"No, no, Mr. Sowerby! Forgive me, I beg, and be my friend!"

"That I will, with all my heart:—Come this way." He then handed her to Lady Julia and Mr. Sewell, saying what was appropriate. And the latter

instantly embraced her, assuring her, that she should never repent, were they to live to Methuselah ages, that he was her son-in-law. Lady Julia did the same:—And Mr. Sowerby (still master of the ceremonies) marched with her to the viscount, and she then fell on her knee, suing for pardon. His lordship opened his arms, and the reconciliation was begun and perfected in a moment. All was now harmony; the torch of discord was extinguished in the Lethean river; and preparations were unitedly made for all the *eclat* and publicity which could be given to these alliances: for the two old gentlemen remarked, that virtue *was* rewarded, though not a Pamela business. Oh, Richardson! had we thy powers, (which, though gossiping,) were so true to nature, we would depict what passed in the hearts of those now happy, but about to become happier, happiest; and those generous feelings, also, in the breasts of the lookers-on,

should not be omitted, who shared in the desire of seeing others delighted.

But deputation and intreaties were all in vain, though repeatedly made, in getting Lord Gondola to share their festivity: he declined all, yet kindly; for he mourned like another Rachel, for her that was lost: his mind had indeed assumed that serenity in grief, that caused it to look upon this earthly scene as one of casualty and bustle, full of discordance, perplexing, and time-wasting. He perceived, with astonishment, the trifles with which even the noblest mind may be engrossed, enveloped, nay, enshrouded, which are death to the more vitally important realities, which should occupy the intellect of God's noblest work—Man. He looked round the world, with his mind's penetrating eye, and saw in that microcosm, sin and death preying upon millions, who willingly hug the delusive, but destructive principle,—under the various masks of

fame, glory, honour, renown; in elevation, place, power, &c.; each striving to grasp, with all the might of his soul, *that*, upon any terms, he had set his heart upon; and in the modes in which they snatched at, or soared to obtain their fancied happiness, he saw the masks of the several fair seemings, and sundry reputations, put on to effect their purpose. But, ah! the mask of hypocrisy was the most general, the favourite vizor, the self-delusive trick, the everlasting game, that was played off by man to man, to achieve his purposes.

> Hypocrisy! the thriving'st calling,
> The *only* saint's bell that rings all in.

And he saw it still more among the high and mighty, who might have been supposed exempt from even the necessity of wearing it. In the world of literature too, he saw a host ready for any thing, but principally in bearing false witness against their neighbour, preaching what

they did not believe, praising corruption in the most barefaced way, for the present good. Where then is content?—where is peace? he would cry, when this review was under his distracted inspection: it was at Fairthorne, and might be any where, for late enough he perceived and admitted, that the knowledge and practice of religion alone can give that quiet, which nothing in the world, nor the possession even of all the world beside can give. He saw, in the instance of the father and the relatives of his dear departed Ellen, that even in their grief was a something that was both holy and pure; for they spoke of her, as one whose bliss was certain and eternal, and as one just gone before: they did not repine at the pulling down of that which their hearts had set up, and built upon, in her worldly career;—at that flower which they had sown, reared, and cultivated,—now broken and decayed: they lifted up their hearts to Him, who doeth all

things well! But still all Lord Gondola's reasonings were earthly: he had denied the possibility of heavenly interference; and though he saw, that *if* religion was a fatuity, it was a happy one, yet he would not embrace it upon such terms. *He* wished to go, like a hero and a philosopher, among the lambs of the flock, —but this was denied; and he found mere human reason, divested of faith, leave him where he was. But yet, as man makes *some* progress towards religion, even when he is *desirous* to become a disciple, so, in due time, by the affectionate family discourses of Mr. and Mrs. Capper, and honest friend Fry also, and his wife, (for they were all now united in the most sympathizing friendship,) a glimpse through the gloom which infidel philosophy had made, appeared, and he tried to become as a little child, under their teachings; and he saw, or thought he saw, a ray of light, more pure, more soft, dart upon him, which

whispered peace and good-will to man, and glory to God in the highest!

In such way were his thoughts and reflections, when Lord Gondola received the numerous invitations from the Hall; but his heart was too sorely charged with the loss of Ellen, independent of his self-examination, to go into a world of gaiety: for as there is a time for all things, and as he found no further good was left him to do his friends, he preferred the rural quietude of Fairthorne to the splendid gaieties of Charlevoix-House and the Hall. Yet he wrote to the brides and bridegrooms, about to be, letters of congratulation, and threatened them all with an ample trial of their patience, by his future company.

Thus was Lord Gondola, determined to stay with the Cappers, who were equally resolved not only to make Fairthorne agreeable to his lordship, but also to administer in their way, as was

their duty, to the eradication of the vile tares which had choked up, under the name of philosophy, the good seed which might yet flower and flourish.

May every one, inflated with that overweening vanity which makes them wiser in their day and generation than the children of light, have the same good fortune to be thrown in the path, which Lord Gondola was now happily treading!

And now we for the last time recur to Gogmagog-Hall, where Hymen waited upon the expectants with his torch to light them, either into a haven of peace, or (for such is its delusive glare) upon a shoal, where a fearful shipwreck will sometimes take place. In this instance, however, the god was favourable, and his flame was purer than our famous gas-light, which sometimes burns dim, and even, occasionally, *goes out altogether!* not so, *as it happened*, with this pair of lovers; for we are obliged to use such a term as *happening*, out of defer-

ence to such a weighty authority as Dr. Johnson, who maintained that a couple would be eventually as happy if appointed by the Lord Chancellor, as by their own mutual wishes: so contrary was his opinion to the doctrine of marriages being made in Heaven, or, as much as to say—Heaven had nothing to do with the business. However this may be, considerable anxiety and impatience were evinced by Lady Julia Charlevoix and Mr. Ferrers, for the completion of *their* mutual destinies; and it is humbly supposed, interest did not sway *them!*

And now arrived that day which was, by a spiritual metamorphosis, to convert two people into one flesh; and these were Lady Julia Charlevoix and Mr. Sewell. The utmost preparations had been made in London for the event, and a small circle of Lord Charlevoix's most intimately-respected friends were invited, in addition to all the party from

Mr. Manners's seat. The pair were united at St. George's, Hanover Square, in the morning, and, after dining at the gratified and happy peer's, set off in a chariot and four for his lordship's seat at the Larches, near Reading, where we shall leave them to enjoy the reward which they deserved:—he, for having tamed a fashionable shrew; she, for having the magnanimity to acknowledge her errors, and not only so, but to change her system!

The company at Charlevoix-House drank bumpers of Burgundy to the felicity of the new-married pair, and then rehearsed the approaching convivialities of three days hence, in the union of Mr. Ferrers and Miss Melville; in the which, even Lady Charlevoix joined in wishes for their prosperity and peace; for her ladyship had been so entirely vanquished out of her follies, that could her barbarous murdering of the king's Eng-

lish been as successfully checked, she would have been in reality an ornament to the *tun*, which unfortunately still vibrated on her lips; for, as we have before said, and it is but doing her justice to repeat it, she had that excellent cardinal quality—of never being in debt; and her upholsterers and other tradesmen, who supplied the extras for her routs, &c., vied with each other in low prices and punctuality, because they were all paid on the ensuing day. Lord Charlevoix, therefore, whose aim had only been that of domestic comfort, and the weaning her from her dreadful propensity to the frivolous, being now accomplished, became satisfied both with her and home.

The large and social party kept it up until a late hour; the white favours were distributed; the papers shewed forth the fact of the wedding; and, in all respects, wås as much honour done to Mr. Sewell,

as if he had been the first peer in the realm.

On the following day, all the party known to each other returned to Gogmagog-Hall, to prepare for the next wedding; but, in fact, all had been foreseen and already adjusted; such had been Mr. Manners's impatience. Mr. Ferrers was ever at Mrs. Clifford's, and he had not forgot that to-morrow was the last day of his penance. Lord Gondola had taken an occasional ride to Mrs. Clifford's, but he could not be prevailed on to honour the nuptials with his presence, though much pressed by all parties, particularly by "the governess," whose cause he had so successfully *advocated!*

Mr. Manners had strictly kept to his munificent intentions towards this young couple, and the deeds were already prepared, signed,—and all but delivered. Dr. Godfrey was also put

in requisition; in truth, he had already published the banns in the village church, for Mr. Manners thought that special licenses, though more polite, were not comparable to the ceremonial at the altar; and, besides, he designed that all around should rejoice at this event, and he supposed nothing so likely to effect it as an open table, with plenty of roast-beef, plum-pudding, and strong home-brewed ale, for his neighbouring peasantry; for, from time immemorial, such things have *told*, even in elections for members of parliament!

The happy morn now arose, which was ushered in by the ringing of bells: the blushing bride was attended by her friend Mrs. Clifford. The whole cavalcade from the Hall, which had proceeded there first, now went to the village-church, where Dr. Godfrey, in presence of a holyday-village, most impressively went through the solemn service; and

the answers were, we believe, that day, conscientiously sincere. They now all returned to the Hall, and, with Dr. Godfrey of the party, who was equally rejoiced at Miss Melville's elevation. Congratulations flew from the mere well-wishers,—a tear and a pressure of the hand from those who felt rather more, particularly from old Mr. Sowerby. But how can the joys of Miss Melville be described or conceived, when she now not only saw herself surrounded by her friends and her dear parents, but beheld a husband, whose presence gave an air of magic to all the rest, and enhanced its value;—what were their feelings, too, when they were summoned before the old committee which Mr. Manners had then again constituted, and were told the resolutions that had passed *nem. con.*, and were presented with the deeds and et ceteras. Mrs. Ferrers threw herself into Mr. Manners's arms, and called him

such endearing names, that the old man wept with joy; but it was with much difficulty that they could be prevailed upon thus to impoverish their benefactor. "Poh! poh!" he replied; "thanks to Providence, in early life I became rich, and, never having been ostentatious, never lived up to my income,—pursue, my dear children! an honourable career; for I have another hundred thousand yet to divide among certain younger Ferrers's, should I live to see them." But, oh! what embraces took place between the Melvilles!—those who had suffered in the vicissitudes of life, whose prospects at one time were cheerless and forlorn, now suddenly changed into brightness and sunshine. But God had so tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, that they were then neither abandoned to utter despondency, nor now elated beyond that point, which taught them to thank the over-ruling Power for these

his benefits. And now, an early dinner being prepared, at which sat down a large party, Mr. Manners "felt this the happiest day of his life;" for the fatted calf was killed, the oldest binns of his choicest rarities were broached,—festivity prevailed. But five o'clock came; the carriage was at the door that was to convey Ferrers from his home and his benefactor, and Emily from her much-loved parents. Oh! how can *we* tell the reason, why her tears should fall, when she would not exchange her condition for a diadem? But they did fall at the last embrace of her dear mother,—parting, at last, became such sweet sorrow, however, that Ferrers caught her in his arms, lifted her into the carriage, which then flew along with the rapidity of lightning, to the residence appointed for the passing of their honey-moon.

The blanks made by their departure were now filled up as well as could be

expected by the social flow of attic wit and Falernian wine: each guest put himself forward, as in a neck-and-neck race, to do sufficient homage to the virtues of the young couple, by partaking of, and sounding forth, the hospitality of Gogmagog-Hall.

THE END.

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